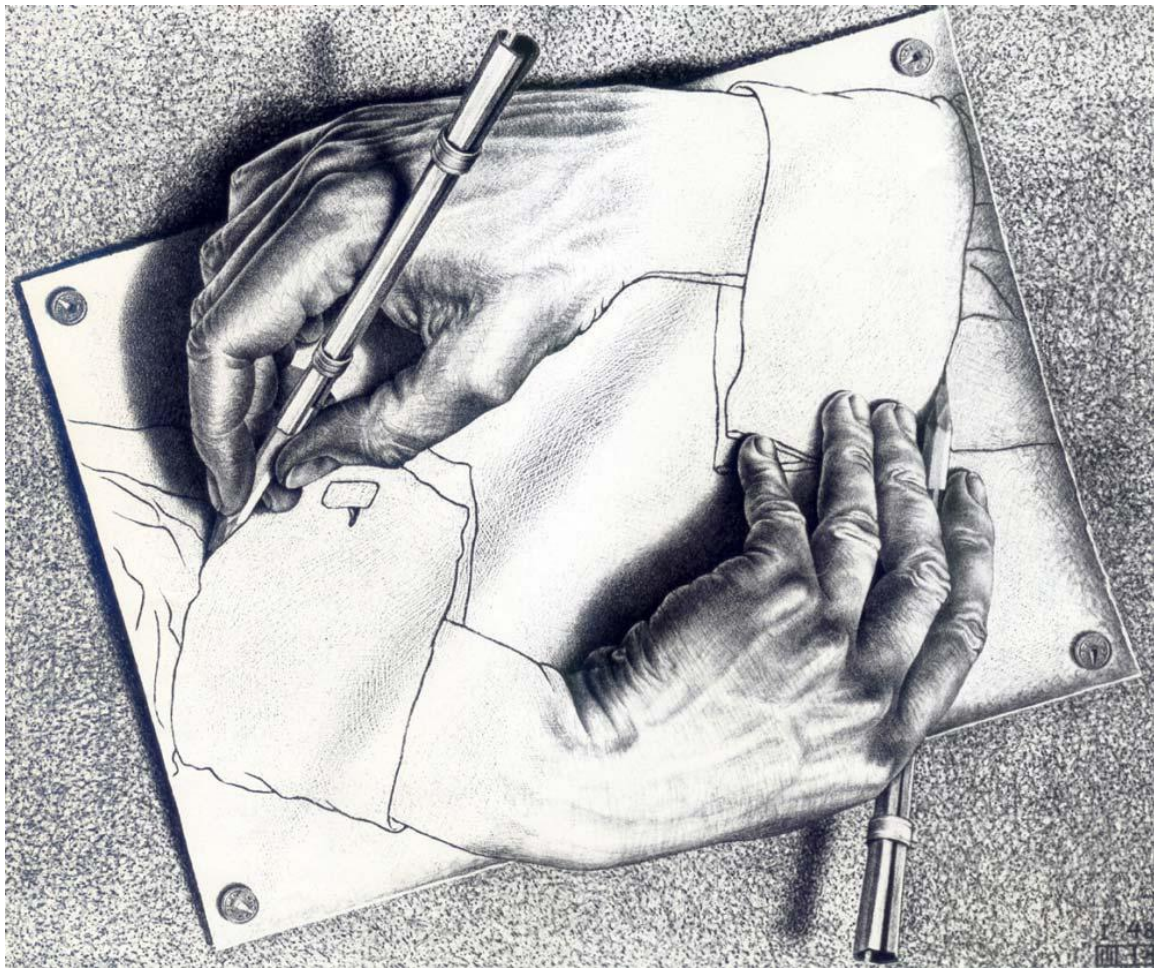


Pen & Pencil Magazine

Theme: Keep Calm and Carry On!



Volume Four: Winter 2020

Volume Four: Pen & Pencil Magazine

© Pen & Pencil 2020,
Obelisk Press
Vancouver, BC, Canada

All rights reserved.

This magazine or any part thereof must not be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the magazine Editorial Board.

Cover picture: Escher, Two Hands

If you have a submission for the **Pen & Pencil Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine.

Table of Content

Pen & Pencil Welcomes Submissions	6
Short Stories.....	9
The Warehouse Party by Gary McCrae	10
Apple Jacks by Sarah Beck	26
A First Lover by Patrick Bruskiewich.....	39
A Dream Without Borders by Matthew Laine	44
A High Priced Man by Chris Nikkel.....	49
Novella.....	59
Amok by Stefan Zweig.....	60
Canadiana.....	135
Confederation Bridge Proposal by Patrick Bruskiewich	136
Detected by the Camera by Lucy M. Montgomery (1897).....	141
Prose.....	153
A Few Wise Words from Oxford University by Wing Wing	154
With An Eye on Vision by Gemma Crowe.....	156
The Art of Making Yang Chow Fried Rice by Caitlyn Gosh	166
She's Lost Her Head by Sarah Haxby.....	169
The Perfectly Scandalous Picnic by W. J. Garry,	180
The Water Babies by Emily Mathews.....	183
Poetry	189
These Unfulfilled Thoughts ... by Alyssa Yu.....	190
The Book of Self Love by Salome	192

Poems by Aki Kurosawa	194
I Waited There at the Gates of Her Heart ... by William Webster.....	198
He Knew the Pleasures of my Heart by Annie Gavani	199
A History Lesson by Anina Robb	200
At Café Trieste at San Pablo by Catherine Simpson.....	202
Blossoms of Orange by Pamela Biery.....	203
Art	205
The Minotaur Series: The Art of Anyuta Gusakova	206
Cosplayer Caity	221
Artwork by Ella Collett	225
Two Figuratives of his Wife by Yousef Karsh (1938).....	230
My friend Aoi by Patrick Bruskiewich	232

Magazines by Obelisk Press

Le Minotaur

Pen & Pencil Magazine

Poetic Voice Magazine

Art & Eros Magazine

Dada Magazine

L'Espionage

Genius Magazine

Le Suralisme

Affiliated Publishing Houses

Obelisk Press

Atelier Press

Pythagoras Publishing

Over 300 titles to choose from

... they just don't understand.

*They make a rasp of it,
and turn my dream
into a nightmare.*

*Boys don't understand girls
... they just don't want to.*

Aki Kurosawa

Pen & Pencil Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is proud to publish the fourth edition of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* which serves to feature the work of aspiring writers. The *Pen & Pencil Magazine* welcomes submissions on a twice yearly basis.

The *Pen & Pencil Magazine* board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers:

Please feel free to send your short story, prose, poetry and artwork submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

For several of the contributors to the magazine, it is their first occasion to be published. Congratulations! In this edition we also include a French piece.

The theme for the **Spring 2021** edition of *Pen & Pencil Magazine* will most likely be set by the contributors and their submissions.



A collection of fine literature, poetry and magazine titles



Over one hundred titles available at Amazon

Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Short Stories

The Warehouse Party by Gary McCrae

[A reminiscence recounted by Gary McCrae]

[**San Francisco**] The 1960's is fondly remembered but many people who are now in their 80's. For the rest of you, well, you just have to read the stories and perhaps smile. Not everything from the 1960's was memorable mind you – the loss of two Kennedys and a King, the Viet Nam War, the Hong Kong Flu – but the decade was about youthfulness and about fun. It would be about racing to the Moon and beating the Ruskies. It was the time of the baby-boomers, of which I was one, a boy from Victoria who had meandered down to California to live the Cali lifestyle. And what a lifestyle!

The 1950's had been staid and proper. That long ten years was all about Ike, and the bomb and flashy cars and a boring, albeit pleasant, home life. But such pleasantries were not for everyone. There were the adventurous types, boys and girls (mostly boys until the pill came along).

You might wonder why the Cali life was so full of hippies and deadheads. It may have simply been that in the States you had three coasts, the East, the Gulf and the West ... the East was too prim and proper, the Gulf too rugged and still the frontier... on Cali anything could go and no one would really care. Oh, and the weather, let me tell you about the weather here in Cali ... it never snowed and only seemed to rain when the rain was expected. And it rarely rained on anyone's parade.

On the East Coast you had New York, Greenwich Village, Andy Warhol and the Factory ... and a different Martini for every day in the month. On the Gulf you had New Orleans and Mardi Gras ... which might have started on a Thursday but would continue for as long as the bourbon and bathtub hooch held out. On the West Coast ... well it was perhaps one big party of you knew the right people. Lucky for me I did.

Who were the right people? It depended who you were and what you wanted in life. Being an artist, I wanted to hang about with other creative people. In San Francisco you didn't have to look very far to find them. Or perhaps they found you. I was a graduate of the *Rudolph Schaeffer School of Art and Design*. Somehow I had acquired a reputation for my creativity, most fabric work in the Notam style.

At the time I lived in a four story walk up in the Mission District and had a neighbor who took a liking to me. She always seemed to be prowling about when I left for work or came home late at night. I don't know how she did it ... perhaps she asked the right people the right questions ... but she knew an awful lot about me. But the situation was not mutual. I didn't really know much about her. It is not that she grew on me ... she sort of glommed on me. She wanted me to take her out ... and 'show her the sights.'

This was odd for me for I was the 'out-of-towner' and she had grown up in Cali. I think she was lonely, because she started to call me 'her man.' She said this to the postman who delivered our mail; To the grocery at the corner

store; The druggist at the end of the block ... and then to me (I was the last to be told the news). She wanted to be taken out.

Oh boy ... complications. But they were of the pleasant kind. She was a petite girl a few years younger than me. A bouncy brunette, well read, at least of the popular genre. She was well turned out in her simple fashions. She had few pretenses, except, of course towards me. Having a soft heart I let her play out that charade.

‘Will you take me out?’ Her eyes were luscious pools of emotion. If she were a kitten she could sit on my lap with those eyes.

A kitten has a way with people. It is not an imposing way, just a persistence that can’t be faulted. She purred and purred and purred, until I could not say no to her.

To stop her purring I relented. “Ok ... where do you want to go and what do you want to do?”

“This Saturday ... let’s do something together this Saturday evening.” She seemed most insistent. I could have said no ... I should have said no ... but I didn’t.

Well one of the few carry-overs from my ‘50’s up-bringing was my Saturday night was bath night; a warm bath, a good book and perhaps Sinatra on the radio. Yes ... I know ... how quaint, but the rest of my week

is so busy that I don't have much time to wash between my toes, behind my ears nor even scrub my back. .

But she was most unrelenting. "Saturday night ..." like Chinese water torture ... drip ... drip ... drip ... "Saturday night ..."

All during the week I asked "and what about Saturday night?"

And all during the week she answered enigmatically "you'll see!"

By Friday she had me around her little finger. I caught her, for once, arriving home with her arms full of two grocery bags, and being a gallant dandy I took them off her arms and she invited me into her apartment, two floor down from mine, for a glass of wine. I sat at her kitchen table as she set out her groceries. What is the difference between 'putting away' and 'setting out?' you may ask. She had bought things for a get together – wine, crackers, hors d'oeuvres and cheese.

I asked her whether this 'lay-out' was for Saturday Night. She just smiled enigmatically. 'Just wear something nice,' she replied.

Yes ... needles complications. I wondered if I should step in front of a tram and break my leg ...

Though I was worried I managed to get a good sleep that night since I knew I was going to need it ... Saturday Night ... what had she planned for our Saturday Night?

The following afternoon, around 4 she ordered us a taxi and when it arrived around 6 she handed the driver a small piece of paper. As we settled into the back seat she turned to me, smiled and said “trust me ...” I had seen her smile often before, but this smile had an edge to it.

Have you ever been told by a friend ...”trust me.” And, what resulted from this? Something good I hope. As I recount what our Saturday Night would become I leave it to you to decide what it became ... if you get my meaning,

It was a surprise as we left the fashionable parts of ‘Frisco behind us and made our way to the seedy warehouse district. Most of the buildings were old and abandoned, except one, the one we pulled up to. The taxi man gave us a wondering look ‘ you’re the third fare I have dropped off here this evening ...’

We got out and started to the door. There were two bouncers but they were unexpected. Instead of being two mighty gorillas. They were two fashionably dressed women, one with a phone in her hand. I guess someone at the other end of the phone would give the nod.

My friend smiled and one of the women replied in kind. The other one spoke a word or two into the phone. There was a pause then a nod and then we were in.

The ground floor of the warehouse was empty, dark, dusty and grey. The only colour and light was near the freight elevator at the back. As we walked across the floor, my friend's high heel shoes produced a clickety-clack sound that just made the room seem twice as hollow and four times as ominous. What had I gotten myself into, I thought during the long and *horrorisant* trod to the elevator.

Again, two very fashionably dressed women at the elevator, one to usher us into the lift, and close the heavy metal door behind us, and the other to operate the heavy metal lift mechanism. The lift operator was as tiny as a mouse. I could see she took all her strength to operate the lever mechanism, but by the smile on her face I knew she was enjoying the whole power trip.

It was a slow ascent to the top floor. And with each passage of a floor the sound of a get together got louder and louder. The sound was hard to describe. It was a mix between a rumble and a rabble. The rumble came from jazz being played live and the rabble came from the myriad of the voices of the party goers.

My friend had set our sights on the most unique party of that '60's season. I had heard rumors that some gathering was going to happen ... they called them happenings, as if they were spontaneous ... but the rumors were just

wisps and whispers, here and there among my circle of creatives. Well this was anything but spontaneous.

The bars to the lift could not be lifted fast enough for my friend who peered through the bars like a hungry tigress before her meal. She looked up at me with eyes that sparkled and a smile that could melt an iceberg.

“Aren’t you glad you trusted me?” She dashed into the crowd. I stepped off the lift and looked around the large floor.

The rabble was a mix of fashionables and hippies. I recognized Allen Ginsberg, John Kerouac and Paddy O’Suillivan. Like three vertices of an equilateral triangle they marked their territory among admiring gaggles of partygoers, mostly women fashionably dressed.

My friend rushed back and grabbed my hand and excitedly bellowed “let me introduce you to someone I know.” The lift door slammed shut behind me and I felt like I was about to be thrown to the tigers. I am not one for parties. Let alone large parties, let alone circuses, but I was here and she was here and well she was pretty strong for her slight height and weight. She dragged me along, through the rabble, parting the people like a Moses parting a troubled waters.

It was to Paddy O’Suillivan she dragged me. He looked up at me with big, bushy, bored eyes as he said “glad you could make it,” above the *horrorisant* sound and patted my friend on her backside with his big, bushy bored hands.

She didn't mind the man handling.

The two started into an unfinished conversation they had from a previous encounter and so I soon felt the third man ... I let them prattle on and smiled meekly from time to time, nodding for effect, and as they got further and further into something to do with avant garde poetry I drifted over to the jazz band.

They were in a world all their own. Smoke drifted up from the fags they each dragged on. Its sweet aroma always made me ill, but it was what it was, and it was what was giving them the inspiration to *play jazz*.

I felt a pinch on my backside and whirled around to find my friend holding two beer bottles in one hand and playing the crab with the other. She handed me a beer bottle and then clinked hers to mine.

"Thanks ..."

"For what?" I answered.

"For bringing me here ..."

She waved her beer bottle around the room, spilling some beer onto the floor. She used her right foot to spread the beer around.

I waited until she looked back up at me before I said “shouldn’t I be the one thanking you?”

She shrugged her shoulders and drank some of her beer.

To be perfectly honest I am not a beer man but I owed it to her and drank a swig. Wretched stuff beer ... even iced cold ... by the time I had finished the swig she had disappeared. It would be like that for the next hour or so. She would put in her reappearance and then disappear in the blink of an eye. I don’t know if she was doing this for her own reassurance, or whether she was keeping tabs on me. I returned back to the *jazz*.

Off in one corner of the floor behind a blind hanging from the rafters something caught my eye. It was the flash of a small Krieg light. Someone was filming. Being a curious sort I drifted over and walked around the edge of the blind to discover to my great surprise a scene out of a Grosz painting. There was a large billiards table with one man and three women. He was fully clothed while the three women were in their dainties. The three women were playing billiards while the man was watching them. A woman was doing the filming. I was about to duck back to the other side of the blind when one of the women waved me to stay.

So I did. I watched as a game of what could only be called strip billiards was played out by the three women. It sort of turned into this:



This isn't the actual film footage from that evening, but it is close enough of a similitude.

Then once again , my friend reappeared. She grabbed my hand and tugged me back to the rabble. "Naughty boy," she said with a feline expression on her face.

This time she introduced me to John Kerouac. Again the two of them spoke like old friends. Again I just sat there listening. This time my friend took note, leaned over and whispered, 'don't you want to talk with him?'

"About what?" I whispered back.

“About his writing ... his book!”

“Haven’t read any of his writing ...”

She peered at me with such astonishment that Kerouac asked her “what’s the fuss?”

Embarrassed of me and my ignorance she said “oh ... nothing,” to him.

In an understanding fashion Kerouac replied “It’s ok if he hasn’t read my book. Lot’s of folks haven’t read my book” and looking up at me with stern eyes he continued “and never will...”

“Oh he will” my friend said scornfully “oh he will.” Then she turned he back on me as a rebuke.

Fine by me, and I drifted away as she and he launched into some esoteric psychoanalysis of traveling and dreams.

My throat was dry. I was still holding my beer and took another swig. Wretched stuff!

Across the room I could see Allen Ginsberg leaning up against some abandoned crates in an animate conversation with several women. It was then that I realized that there were perhaps four times as many women here as men. The women were all dressed to the nines, while them men, or at

least O'Suillivan, Kerouac and Ginsberg were dressed like longshoremen. I was the odd man out in my silks and cashmere. Did I tell you I am a dandy?

Suddenly there was a ringing of the emergency bell on the lift and it was like someone had dropped a fox in among the chickens.

There was a mad dash to the windows and as we looked down we saw a long string of flashing lights and paddy wagons. It was a police raid.

My friend grabbed my hand and dashed us over to Paddy O'Suillivan who didn't seemed at all perturbed by the news. "They do this to me all the time. "

I explained to Paddy that I was a Canadian and if arrested they might deport me. He just nodded sideways with his head and started to walk to a dark and almost invisible corner of the warehouse.

Paddy looked over his shoulder and when he saw no one was watching he pressed a panel in the wall and it swung open revealing a spiral staircase leading down. "This goes to the basement. If you follow the chalk lines on the wall you'll get out fine. How are you fixed touring the sewers?"

On the landing was an old wooden crate with several well-used electric miner's lamps. He grabbed one turned it on to check it worked and handed it to me. "You'll need this."

Before my friend could say anything Paddy pushed us both through and closed the panel behind us. We had only one way we could go, down the rusty old spiral staircase for the wall panel had no latch on the inside.

And so I led the way slowly down the spiral staircase, my friend clinging closely to me. “I am scared ...”

“So am I ...” I said this before I could stop myself. Perhaps I should have said something else to her to reassure her, but you can’t blame me for being honest. I was scared.

The air in the spiral staircase was dank, smoky and musty. The smoke followed us in. We slowly inched our way down the spiral. At each landing there was a white chalk arrow on the red brick wall pointing downwards into the dark depths. Her clickety-clack now seemed comforting to me.

“How much further,” she said tremulously.

“I think we are almost to the bottom,’ and indeed we were. There in front of us appeared out of the darkness a large iron door with an equally large iron bar door latch. I pulled at it and it did not budge. It had been rusted shut.

As hard as I tried it would not budge! I put my weight on the latch and pulled, and nothing. We both put our weights on the latch and together we pushed. As if to tease us it slipped a bit and then the rust holding it fast

brought it to a grinding halt. The latch was so well made that there was no clearance between the plates and rust had rendered it tight. If only we had some lubricant.

The light flickered and dimmed appreciably, as if it itself was also losing hope. “Now what?” my friend asked as she pressed herself closer to me. I could feel that she was trembling

Yes now what? I thought to myself. We were trapped ... top and bottom. The chill was starting to creep into my bones. My bladder, began to complain. I thought about the beer that I had drank and was about to curse myself for drinking it when a drastic measure crossed my mind. “

Here,” I said to my friend, “point this at the latch.” Handing her the miner’s lamp. It flickered again.

Then I aimed carefully and pissed atop the latch for a split second and then without tucking myself in I pressed against the latch and moved it a tad. Then I stepped back and took aim a second time. The second push moved the latch another few millimeters. But after three tries I had run dry ... and the latch was unseated.

I tucked myself away. “Can you lift me?” my friend inquired dauntlessly.

“Yes!” I had run dry and now it was her turn. I set the miner’s lamp on the floor.

“Turn around,” she said. Then I did I heard the rustling of her dress. She handed me her panties. “Hold on to these for me.” I tucked them into my pocket.

Then she wrapped her arms around my neck. I knew what she needed me to do. I took one step back and heard her say “ffff ... cold.” I imagined her bare backside pressed against the solid door. She placed her shoes against the door. Then there was a nearly silent whistle for a split second before she climbed off my back.

Together we worked the latch. It moved a bit more. With our faces pressed to the door the smell of pee became noticeable over the dank smoky, musty odour of the stairwell.

“Turn around again,” and we repeated the whole contortion a second time. This time she lubricated the latch for a split second longer. Then we worked it.

Almost there!

She hopped on my back a third time and let things rip until she too was spent. “Third time lucky?” she said with a giggle.

We looked into each other’s face for a split second. It was now or never. Together we pushed and pull as hard as we could ... then the latch clunked

and the door swung open. The smells of the stairwell was lost in the funk of the air that forced its way in from the underground. But we didn't mind ... we were free.

She picked up the miner's lamp, grabbed my hand and lead the way. The miner's lamp died that instant. She left it behind and we stepped through the door.

As we stepped into the dank underground we could see the street light streaming from the drain gratings. A few steps past the door was a ladder that led up to our freedom.

We both let out sighs of relief. "Care for some hors d'oeuvres?" She went first up the ladder and in the dim lighting of the place it was eerie how the shadows cast just above her knees. I guess I should have given her back her panties.

I followed her up the ladder and into the empty street thinking ... if only she knew how much I disliked smoked oysters!

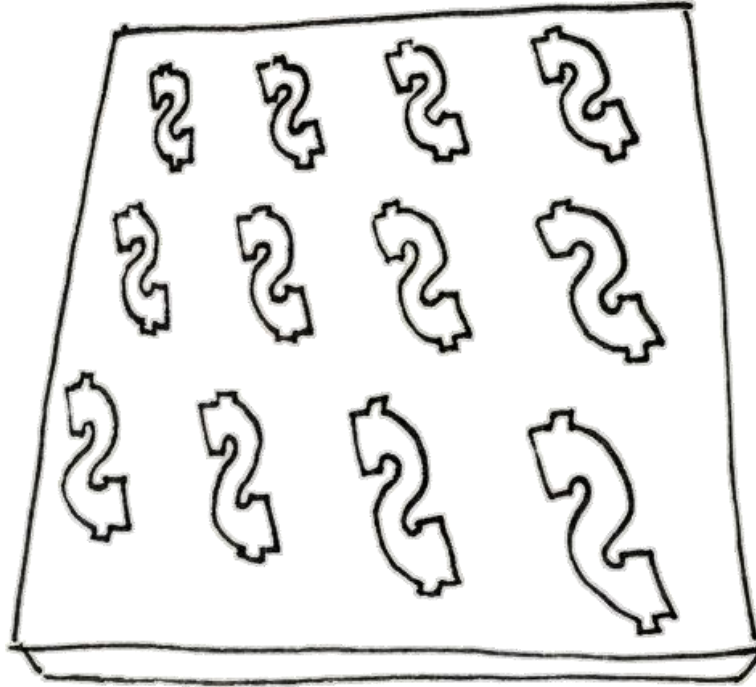
Apple Jacks by Sarah Beck

There is a large art gallery adjacent to my university. This gallery survives on government grants, entrance fees and donations. The gallery was in the news recently because it had undergone major layoffs. These cost-cutting measures were blamed on poor attendance. Months later the gallery was in the news again when it was reported that the CEO of the gallery collected \$981,000 in salary and taxable benefits last year. Two thirds of his nearly \$1-million income was a bonus. This bonus was awarded for his overseeing the completion of the gallery's renovations.

I hope he's using some of his money to buy art.

When buying art, one should make a choice based on the work's price relative to the price of the property it will be displayed in. This is a rule developed by a man named Tobias Meyer. Meyer is an auctioneer at a place called Sotheby's. Sotheby's auctions luxury goods, notably famous and expensive artworks.

The only painting I have in my apartment was free, which likely holds true with Tobias' law of proportion. Curiously, my painting is of dollar signs. It looks like this:



According to Donald Thompson, author of *The \$12-Million Stuffed Shark*, the bestsellers on the art market are

- paintings that feature pretty women or children.
- The colour red is most saleable, followed by white, then blue, yellow, green, and black.
- Horizontals always sell better than verticals,
- brights over pales, and
- flowers over fruit.
- Water adds value if it is calm, and
- cows always do poorly.

Noted.

Thompson's research reminds me of the Russian painters Vitaly Komar and Alex Melamid, who used census figures to paint. They decided to make country-specific paintings, creating a best and a worst for each. Using the census, they polled the citizens of various countries. Average people were questioned about what they most wanted and least wanted in a painting for purchase and display in their home.

No rock was left unturned. Citizens were asked questions that included framing, sizing, and beloved signifiers. The painting they produced for America was the size of a dishwasher and featured George Washington. George Washington is also on American paper money.

American paper money looks like this:



The following is a list from Thompson's book. It is a list of jobs held by the top 20 active collectors of contemporary art.

They are listed below by their source of income and in order of their purchasing power:

- Luxury goods
- Investment banking
- Financial services
- Retail
- Hedge funds
- Construction
- Financier Investments
- Textiles
- Magazines
- Venture capitalist
- Advertising
- Supermarkets
- Stockbroking
- Financial services
- Retail
- Industrialist
- Casinos

A cursory look at this list tells me that the major movers and shakers know how to make an investment. Like all investments, there is a need to protect the financial value not just of purchases, but of institutions that support the structures that guarantee those values. The advertiser on this list is a person I can readily identify and suggest to be in a unique position to promote and increase the value of his collection. In fact, I am certain he has been accused of it.

Artist Andy Warhol started his career in the advertising business. In fact, he was a commercial illustrator with a penchant for drawing shoes. Warhol knew a thing or two about brands, and changed the art world when he brought brands into the gallery with his Brillo boxes.

Brillo is a brand of scouring pads that were commonly used in American homes when Warhol was alive. Most Americans, particularly housewives, would be able to recognize a Brillo box.

A Brillo box used to look like this:



Today the packages look like this:



Warhol's Brillo boxes, according to philosophers, asked the audience to contemplate the following: if two objects are the same, yet one is art and one isn't, what is the difference? I suggest the difference may be, in part, financial.

Brillo packages cost \$2.99.

A Warhol Brillo box costs \$350,000.

Later, Warhol started painting money. He said it was because he loved it best. He also suggested that perhaps we should just hang money on the wall instead of art. Warhol suggested that the art market and commerce were having an effect on one another. As the art market became more commercialized, commerce became more artistic.

This is old news today.

Artists since Warhol have assumed brand-like personalities, an amusing détournement after brands spent decades adopting the tropes of people, carrying personality, value, and distinctness.

Contemporary artists have become brands unto themselves. The British artist Damien Hirst is the richest living artist to date. Unlike the fools before him, he was determined to see financial payoff before he died. Not only is his work commercially popular, but it is also outsourced like all contemporary management. This means more output. He has been careful to diversify,

buying up the work of younger artists. His association with them strengthens their brand and improves his investment.

The Louis Vuitton brand has similarly lent its aura to artists, inviting cutting edge contemporary artists to design purses. These limited edition purses have sold very well. Louis Vuitton, aka LV, are designers of luxury goods, most notably purses and luggage. Their product is one of the most counterfeited items in the world. Contemporary art and design share overlapping features, certainly when branding substitutes for critical judgment in all culture markets, be it purses or art.

A new phenomenon of our decade is the purse rental service. Luxury purses cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000 to buy, so rental services cater to a young woman's desire to participate in the luxury good economy for a fraction of the price. Once she tires of her rental purse, she can exchange it for another.

Recently, the news reported that a horde of young ladies had been sleeping in the streets of Toronto. Despite having been there for several nights, they weren't homeless. They were camping outside H&M to be first in line for the launch of Jimmy Choo's H&M line. Jimmy Choo is a brand of luxury women's shoes. Jimmy Choo shoes can cost between \$400 - \$1500. H&M Jimmy Choo shoes would be cheaper. These young ladies wanted a piece of the action.

I wondered about how these lower priced luxury items would be differentiated from their more expensive counterparts in the minds of their owners. Physically, there are price-point markers built into every stage of a brand so higher priced versions can be differentiated from lower ones. Otherwise, who would pay for the more expensive version? A discerning consumer can certainly spot a Gucci bag made illegally or on the cheap. Does it matter if it's the real thing to the person who owns it?

Perhaps the most offensive aspect of luxury goods is their markup. Only the highest of the highest end—and I mean limited runs of perhaps several hundred—were ever made by couture standards.

'Couture' is a word that no longer holds its meaning. Originally, there was a council in France that had to approve and certify an item to be couture based on its high standards for workmanship, worker equity, and skill. The council allowed only those items deemed couture to make claim to the couture name and the couture price.

These days, unless you are buying an absolute top-of-the-line bag from Gucci (after waiting patiently on a list), the purse you buy was produced in China, or in a sweatshop in a country far more obscure. This is true of all luxury labels. The majority of their expensive products are produced in factories alongside jeans—inexpensive jeans and T-shirts. This does not cost a lot of money.

I suggest that the luxury goods market lacks transparency and regulation. Donald Thompson, an economics professor, has similar feelings about the art market. He calls it the largest unregulated and least transparent market in the world.

Recently, I read in the news about an organized crime ring in New Jersey. This ring involved multiple mayors, rabbis and a large network of people from all sectors of society in black market trade. The trade being conducted was in human organs, a rare and exclusive market for those who can afford to pay.

Masquerading as construction workers, the ring demonstrated an expertise in convincing hospitals that organ sellers were concerned relatives eager to donate those same organs to their ailing loved ones. If the organ provider suffered a change of heart they would be held at gun point and convinced anew of their convictions.

Human kidneys were purchased for \$10,000 then sold for \$160,000. This is a 1600% markup. I read that one transaction transpired with the help of a box of Apple Jacks. Apple Jacks is a cereal that does not taste like apples. Its box looks like this:



The prize stuffed inside was \$97,000.

As with most schemes, you'd have to be pretty creative to pull it off. You'd also have to be pretty creative to dream it up in the first place. The genius of this particular operation was twofold. Rabbis, including one dubbed "*The Matchmaker*" convinced Israelis to sell their organs. They would fly to America, concealing the black market trade by using their own bodies as delivery envelopes.

The other intelligent thing the ring did was to diversify. This approach is simply good business, especially in a high-stakes market. So what else are people willing to buy from rabbis besides black market organs?

Louis Vuitton purses!

Demand and desire for an object has little relationship to practical reality. A coveted object frequently lies beyond our means and is occasionally rare. In an art market flooded with work of varying caliber, it is the experts who determine which ones are the most desirable, even if these decisions defy logic.

After his death, the Andy Warhol Art Authentication Board was created to address an increase in forgeries. But what is a Warhol forgery?

Warhol adopted the tenets of mass production, using hangers-on as labour in the production of his work. He called his studio “*The Factory*.” His Factory approach challenged traditional notions of art production. Acting as a type of assembly line for all that bore the Warhol brand, production included such items as silk screens and films. Works were produced en masse and used as currency to reimburse both paid and unpaid workers. His outsourcing helped multiply his output. Some works were signed, some were not, and some were signed by his mother.

The authentication board accepted the absurd task of guaranteeing each Warhol it encountered. This seems like a cruel joke in light of Warhol’s intention of questioning art and authenticity. This board, whether evaluating for insurance or sale purposes, marks the back of each piece with a permanent evaluation of its ruling.

When tricked, the board proved inconsistent by contradicting its own judgment. To make matters more complex, the board does not provide explanations for, or revisit (without trickery), its decisions. This is additionally complicated by the board's conflict of interest as it is also responsible for selling works in the same market as those it rules on. Yikes.

Remember—without experts, there could be no fakes.

A First Lover by Patrick Bruskiewich

[Chapter Fifteen from Love and Happiness in the Time of Covid]

But you are probably wondering about my aunt and the rest of our evening together. My aunt had a drawing that I first saw in 1967 that stood out. It was a figurative drawing of a woman in a very familiar style. I finally asked my aunt about her prized drawing (I am leaving something out about the piece to not spoil the tale).

“Yes it is genuine,” she said.

“But why does the woman look so familiar in the sketch?” I asked my aunt.

“Guess!”

So I did!

“Yes it is!” and I was right.

“How can that be!” I pealed incredulously.

“Well ... it is a bit of a story. Promise me you won’t tell your mother I told you it.”

So I had to promised. I felt bad doing this but it was worth it, believe me!

“Your mother had a French boyfriend before she met your father. He was a Naval Officer from Marseille stationed at St. Pierre in the Saint Lawrence.” In case you didn’t know, in the St. Lawrence not too far from Montreal are two small islands that are remnants of France’s presence in North America.

“He would come to Montreal from time to time on leave and this is where we met him. He would take us both out to movies and dinner and the like.”

“Both of you?” I queried.

“Yes, one of us was the date and the other was their chaperone. Your Catholic grandfather would not let his daughters go out on a date all by ourselves.”

“So you were the chaperone?” I said.

“Sort of ...” The smile on her face was enigmatic. “We kind of took turns.”

“Things almost got to the point that your mother soon fell in love with him. He really wanted her to sneak away with him and well ... become lovers!”

“Oh ... and you?”

“Bah ... I started dating a young Montreal lawyer.” To fast forward they would later marry and he would eventually become a Provincial Court Judge.

“Then the French Naval Officer got posted home. It broke your mother’s heart so much so that she decided to go and visit him that summer in Marseille. The thing is she didn’t tell him we were coming. I went with her as her chaperone.”

“What happened?”

“Well we showed up at the address on the letters he was sending your mother and it turned up to be his mother’s place. She answered the door and wondered who your mother was ... ‘T’est pas Jacqueline!’”

Your mother should not have asked but she did ... “Qui est Jacqueline?”

“Elle est la bien-aimée de mon fils. Ils se marient la semaine prochaine.”

“Ou est ton fils?” my mother asked her.

“Mon fils est a Cherbourg.”

That broke your mother’s heart. Your mother and I had taken a boat across from Montreal to Brest and had two weeks to spend in France. She thought we should go to Cherbourg. After finding out about Jacqueline and their

upcoming marriage your mother's heart was broken and she wanted to be alone so she went one way to the beaches in Cote d'azur in Southern France and I went north to Paris to see the sights. She would meet up with me a week later in Paris."

"Then it was in Paris she met him?"

"No, it was at one of the beaches in Southern France. He was on vacation with his family. She happened to be sitting on a beach crying when he came along and struck up a conversation wanting to find out why she was so upset. So she told him. In her state she did not recognize who he was."

"But why is she naked in the drawing!" I asked.

"She was in fact wearing a one piece bathing suit ... but out came his sketch book and pencil and he did a drawing of her *sans habillement*, signed it and gave it to her. When she recognized his signature she stopped feeling sorry for herself. He had cheered her up. She ran after him and apologized for not recognizing him. He was charmed by her candor so much so that he invited her to spend the rest of the week talking art with him. They met three or four times at a café to discuss Modern art."

"But ... how did you get the drawing?"

"Well when we met up Paris your mother was a changed woman. It took me a whole day of pressing her before she told me why. When she showed me

the drawing, I held her to ransom. She had to give me the drawing to keep me silent.”

“Mon Dieu.” Just the thought of blackmailing one’s own sister! But my aunt knew she had to now finish the story. “I guess you don’t know do you?”

“Know what?”

“Your mother married your father on a rebound.”

Oh mon dieu.”

And neither the French Naval officer nor your father was your mother’s first lover ... it was Picasso! ”

Yes that was the signature at the corner of the drawing ... Picasso ... 1959.

My parents were married in 1960.

Sitting and listening to this story recounted by my aunt it was then that I remembered my mother had cried the whole month when Picasso died in 1973.

A Dream Without Borders by Matthew Laine

We live in perplexing times. We are more interconnected than ever before. World economies are tied together and utterly dependant on each other. Yet the very thing that fuels our globalization is also the very thing that fuels our destruction. Climate change and oil spills that have devastating environmental impacts are showing the price of our global trade.

While we give lip service to things such as free trade and global human rights, the sovereignty of nations remains unquestioned. However, in a world bound together by environment and social networks, we must be ready to re-imagine what it means to be both a global citizen and local community member.

The political trend towards isolationism and self-interest is as strong as ever, even while the problems facing the world today are global in nature. But the thought of foregoing nationalistic pride is scoffed at in the name of self-interest. What if the most self-interested decision we could make would be a greater move towards global cooperation? In a world connected by social networks, this has never been more possible.

Imagine for a moment a world without borders. A world where people freely travel and move about. In this world, the only obstacle to seeing the great wonders of human civilization would be the cost of transportation. Imagine a world where transportation does not come at the cost of environmental degradation. A world where visas and passports are no longer necessary and

we would be free to travel and work anywhere and everywhere we wanted. Is this a dream worth fighting for? Is this a world worth sacrificing for?

The first response for many is that this is an unrealizable pipe dream, and not even a positive one. A borderless world—for all its promises of freedom and harmony—is fraught with all kinds of problems as well. I would wager that the most common possible problem in the reader's mind is a fear of security. A borderless world likely conveys fears of terrorists moving about at will with their threats and acts of violence on a defenseless people.

There are some who might argue that a borderless world would be a cultureless world. That without distinct national, sovereign boundaries, our world would descend into a single homogenous corporate Amero-culture. My first response is, what does that say about the culture each of us helps create and define each day? Our great fear is that the culture we have created would be a plague on the world. If not completely unsettling, what that indicates about who we've become is at least a little tragic.

However, maybe this is not how a borderless world would have to be. What if we could live in a safe and free world that did not cling desperately to culture in the face of overwhelming capitalistic domination? What if culture the world over thrived and blossomed—not in spite of a borderless world, but because of it? Could this really be so?

Why do nations exist? Why did states come to be? Well, in a world before flight and worldwide transportation, resources had to be protected. In a finite

world of limited resources, this was the single greatest reason for war. Someone else wanted what you had and the easiest way to get it was by force. National boundaries were established in an attempt to end the constant battle for resources. It was a pragmatic solution to the constant bloodshed that plagued the world. And it worked—at least some of the time.

That was before international trade. That was before oil. That was before avocados in February. That was before UPS overnight shipping from Seattle to Shanghai. We now live in a global world that must manage resources globally, not locally.

Socially and politically we must think globally. We must find a way to look past our nationalistic tendencies as they have now outlived their usefulness. Just as record labels have lost their power to be the sole distributor of media, so too have the great power brokers of the twentieth century. Now, information is power, and in this new global world, we have access to all the information we need to obtain all the power we want. The power to form and shape our world is in our hands like never before. We are increasingly in control of our world and we are the ones who will shape it if we reach out and connect with those around us. Borders have limited usefulness and increasingly less meaning.

What then about culture and security? These two things tend to flow together. While a global world would be free to manage resources globally, culture would thrive locally. We would have to give up avocados in February because the way in which we ship them across the world is no

longer sustainable. Communities would become locally sustainable. While the internet would give us the power to connect to the entire world for information and communication, we would need to give up some of the things we have gotten used to. Farmland and water resources at the local level would have to be protected. Las Vegas is not a twenty-first century city. Our resources are extremely finite and we can no longer act like they will go forever. Soon, only the self-sufficient will survive, which will relight the flame of community that we have lost in the independence of the twentieth century. As communities depend on themselves alone for sustainability, we could see organization and community at the micro level explode just as it has at the macro-level.

And what about security? In a world where communities are free to develop their own cultures once again, as information and education and knowledge flows freely, in a world where everyone has opportunity and hope, the flame that fuels radicalism and terror would be extinguished.

Is this a world worth dreaming about? Is this a world worth sacrificing for? Is this a world worth fighting for? In this world, people would again hold the power that democracy once promised.

Corporate elites are losing their stranglehold on the flow of information and it is up to us to pick up and carry that torch.

Reach out and connect to the world around you.

Let us continue down the path that erodes nationalistic self-interest and promotes the self-interest of humanity.

Together we can build a bold new future. But it will take vision and sacrifice.

The road ahead will not be easy, but anything and everything worth having never is.

A High Priced Man by Chris Nikkel

In the past the man was first; in the future the system will be first.

*Frederick Winslow Taylor,
Principles of Scientific Management*

My last season as a tree-planter was spent camped at the side of a logging road near Vanderhoof—the geographic centre of British Columbia, as the sign says. Like many university students, I migrated to the forest to plant trees in clear-cuts every spring to earn money for tuition, but also to get out of the city. The bush job kept me in the wilderness for three months of the year—the wilderness had mostly been bulldozed by the time I arrived, but at least the heavy machinery used to take out the trees was gone.

It was early May, and the spring winds still held an arctic chill keeping the mosquitoes away, and also freezing fingers stiff and arthritic. Our crew of 12 treeplanters was reforesting a clear-cut near the Nechako River, whose headwaters trickled at the foot of the Kenny Dam, just a few kilometres away. In the months since the loggers had taken the trees, the clear-cut had been plowed into long, straight trenches, starting at the logging road and ending where the machines had stopped cutting. Each trench-top was crested with sand and abnormally soft. As I walked along the top of the trench the sand eroded beneath my boots. My tree-planting shovel sank five inches into

the trench when dropped from above—the six-inch lodgepole pine saplings we were contracted to plant sank into the earth just as easily.

In spring, the snow on these trenches melts first, offering the planted pines a few days' advantage over the rhododendron, rose and berry bushes that bully the young trees later in the growing season. It's elementary silviculture: the tree must beat its competitors to the sun if it wants to survive. But, like most treeplanters, I didn't care about the science behind growing a tree—the delicate trenches were perfect for making big money, which was what was on my mind.

Every tree-planter worked with a partner, for motivation, but also for protection if visited by a bear or moose. I was planting with Tim, an athlete from Saskatchewan and the fastest tree-planter on the crew. Tim was notoriously smooth and efficient. When he plunged a tree into the earth, his fingers hit the dirt like a swimmer plunging his hand into the water. His foot instinctively tapped the earth snug around the root-plug seconds later. Watching him plant trees was like reading poetry; every action accomplished two things at one time. The toe that closed the hole around the roots carried him forward to plant a tree in one fluid motion. The hand that planted the tree also tugged it straight. Tim's shovel was never stationary, always piercing the dirt or rising above it, stamping the earth with trees like a mechanical printing press stamps paper: up and down, up and down, all day long. And on that cold May morning Tim was especially efficient. We finished planting our first four hundred saplings within an hour.

"If we work until six," Tim said, looking at his watch, "we can put in 4,000." At 11 cents a tree, 400 trees made me 42 dollars before most people in the city had gotten up for breakfast. If we planted 4,000 of them, we'd almost pay for one university course in a single day.

Driven by this goal, we filled our letter-carrier style tree-planting bags with another four-hundred trees. I believed we could hit Tim's target. Or, I wanted to believe it. I had to believe it—with only a limited number of trees for the company to plant in the season, every day was a competition. It had been 40 years since this piece-work style payment had transformed tree-planting from a make-work initiative for prisoners to a profit-making industry. Beat-up pickups and make-shift equipment had been replaced by ergonomic shovels and off-the-lot crew-cabs with in-seat heaters and digital radio. Tree-planting had become efficient, and Tim and I were reaping the benefits of this transformation.

Frederick Winslow Taylor is often referred to as the father of the efficiency movement. A "speed-up" man, he became *the* corporate consultant, whose theories on productivity are known in the manufacturing world as Taylorism. Common labourers called him Speedy Taylor, which was not a nickname born out of affection.

Taylor was born in 1856 and grew up in Germantown, Pennsylvania, a wealthy suburb outside of Philadelphia. He had poor eyesight, a gift for making lists and a knack for finding a better way of doing just about anything. When he was twelve years of age, Taylor's parents toted him

around Europe, making extended stays in Germany and France—long enough to learn the local languages—hiking in the Swiss Alps, gazing at the galleries in Paris and wide-eyeing the Crystal Palace in London. Little Fred squinted at the sites and collected data in a little notebook, keeping careful track of train schedules and making lists of his favourite sites. He referred to these favourites as “the best,” a classification that would become his life-long obsession.

It was while working at a steel plant that Frederick Taylor began conducting his first efficiency experiments in the hope of speeding up the manufacturing line. Taylor bought a stopwatch with a second hand and hid it behind his clipboard. He jotted down notes throughout the day, passing on his findings to upper management along with a list of suggestions and improvements. These improvements made companies more money, and made owners happy, for the most part.

Within a few years he tracked down an even better stopwatch—accurate to one-tenth of a second—and from his data began to construct lectures and write articles on his findings. He called himself an Efficiency Expert, and charged exorbitant daily rates for his services. Taylorism soon swept through manufacturing houses across America and as far away as Germany. In Russia, Lenin was counted as a fan of the Pennsylvanian efficiency man.

I was fully on board with Tim’s goal of planting 4,000 trees, but I wasn’t as efficient as he was at planting them. Watching me plant a sapling was not at all like watching a well-engineered machine. I tripped and stumbled through

the clear-cut, my shovel ramming into rocks and pinging off my knees. By the time a tree was in the ground, I'd usually performed a clown-like array of extraneous motions that, over the course of a nine hour work day, made me more tired and infinitely slower at planting trees than someone like Tim.

But since planting alongside such an efficient planter, I had begun to learn how to shave seconds off my bumbled technique. I concentrated daily on my front-crawl jab, plunging the sapling into the earth with greater and greater speed. Even my legs seemed to catch on to the new program, no longer stumbling over every stick and root. Day by day, I was becoming faster, and the proof was in my wages.

Tim and I finished planting our next 400 trees faster than the first; in 46 minutes, according to Tim's watch. We headed out to plant another bag-full without a moment's rest, not saying a word as we crested the first ridge, marching across the clear-cut with growing resolve.

I was determined not to fall behind. Sweat beaded on my forehead, dripping into my eyes with a salty burn. To my pleasant surprise, Tim had dirt smeared across his face, his brow wet with sweat—it seemed he was working as hard as I was. Behind each of us was a 300 metre trench dotted with lodgepole pine saplings, every tree a precise seven feet apart. In 90 years the trees would be harvested like a grain-crop grown in the prairies.

But we had no time to dwell so far into the future and had no interest in doing so. We'd scarcely said a word to each other since the start of the day,

nor had we stopped for a moment to look at the horizon of mountains and the lake that glistened in the sun below us—we were in some of the most remote wilderness in Canada, but it made little difference. If we met our goal we would make nearly 500 dollars, which, for poor university students such as ourselves, was pretty damn good money.

By 1899, Fredrick Taylor was consulting for Bethlehem Steel, one of the largest steel companies in America. It was there he surmised, correctly, that if he could raise a labourer's motivation—by offering more money—the labourer would work more efficiently. It was a carrot-and-stick scenario he envisioned for the steelyards, and if it worked, profits for workers and owners would soar—at least for those who still had jobs.

Using the weight of “pig iron” as his control measure, Taylor came up with an experiment that would prove his hypothesis. Bethlehem Steel had a field full of rusting pig iron. When the Spanish-American War raised demand for pig iron, the once worthless metal was suddenly fetching a small fortune; it just needed to be loaded onto boxcars and shipped to the highest bidder. To load the boxcars—and participate in the experiment—Frederick Taylor needed a strong man, a labourer of the highest quality, suited perfectly for the job. In his own words, he was looking for a man who was "so stupid and so phlegmatic that he more nearly resemble[d] in his mental make-up the ox than any other type."

Taylor found the ox for his experiment in a German immigrant named Henry Noll. Unquestioning toward authority, Noll had so much energy that he jogged to the steelyard in the morning, and then jogged home again after a

full day of work. If that energy was used *at* work rather than after work it would be the company's gain, and Taylor knew it.

On average, one man could lift and move 13 tons of pig iron in one day. At the root of Taylor's experiment was the theory that the right man should be able to load more—much more. The way he would encourage this increased production was to take control of every moment of the labourer's day, rigorously enforcing an efficiency regime. If the labourer agreed to relinquish control they would be rewarded for it. To that end, Taylor pulled Henry Noll aside and asked him one simple question: "Are you a high-priced man?" He then suggested to Noll that, if he followed instructions precisely and without objection, it would be worth his while in extra wages. The labourer nodded his head in agreement, and the experiment began.

All day Henry Noll loaded pig iron into boxcars. Taylor dictated when he could rest, when he could eat, how much to lift and how fast to go. Noll's responsibility was to bend and lift, then bend and drop. Bend and lift, bend and drop, from the start of his shift to the end of it. As he worked, Taylor scribbled notes and thumbed his stopwatch, keeping careful track of how much pig iron went into the boxcar.

When the day was declared finished, by Taylor, Henry Noll had proved himself a pig iron champion. He'd lifted 45.25 tons, tripling what had been seen as acceptable the day before, and thus raising the standard for other labourer's in the company. Noll jogged home with a fifty percent wage increase for his trouble, pocketing \$1.70 as "a high-priced man."

Frederick Taylor wrote up his conclusions in *The Principles of Scientific Management*, published in 1911. At the fore of his theory was a simple observation: if workers could become more productive, the company would need fewer of them. To make the company more productive the worker needed to speed up, which coincided with a second principle: wages without incentives to go faster encourage workers to go slower.

The fact was Taylorism worked. Sometimes too well. To the chagrin of one steel mill, the changes Taylor suggested allowed the company to slash their payroll from 600 employees to a mere 140. Unfortunately, the owners of the mill were also the landlords in the town. Property values and rental income plummeted as families moved away to find work. With little applause, Taylor was let go as well.

Tim and I both planted 3800 lodgepole pine saplings that day in May, the highest tally in camp. Six-inch trees were scattered over nearly five hectares of clear-cut, topping some 30 trenches carved into the forest floor. We'd barely stopped for a sandwich at lunch, and only briefly let up during the late afternoon doldrums.

I was shattered by the end of the day, and after a plate of food I didn't bother to taste at supper, I limped to my tent, collapsing through the door before cinching myself tightly in my sleeping bag for the night. My boots were strewn in the vestibule, and my sweat-stained clothes were in a heap beside me—despite the banner day, I couldn't keep my mind off my aching muscles and sore joints.

I don't remember how many trees Tim and I planted the next day, or the next one after that. I know that one month later my career planting trees ended, my body giving out from the strain of the work, my fingers too swollen and painful to grab a sapling. The injury, commonly diagnosed as tendonitis, has re-surfaced ever since: when peeling potatoes, when typing at the computer. I haven't decided yet if the pain reminds me of the money, or my lost youth.

Soon after *The Principles of Scientific Management* was published, Frederick Taylor found himself under fire from the public. His critics cited the story of Henry Noll, to whom Taylor had given the pseudonym of Schmidt, a Dutch immigrant, in his book. One letter sent to the American Journal was bold enough to ask, "What has happened to Schmidt?" Others claimed that a worker as exploited as Schmidt certainly could not have lived long. Speculation over Schmidt's whereabouts circulated, mostly concluding that he'd died of sheer exhaustion. Labour groups blamed Taylorism for the loss of a comrade—Schmidt became a martyr for worker's rights. Strikes broke out against his efficiency system and within the year Frederick Taylor was seated in front of a government labour committee, the ethics of his principles called into question.

But the hard-nosed spokesperson for the efficiency movement didn't wince in the face of criticism. When it came time to give his opening remarks, Taylor talked for no less than a day-and-a-half, breaking only to eat, sleep and for coffee breaks. He preached his religion with the conviction that had

gotten him to the top of his field, and with the stamina he expected of his employees. The speech amassed one hundred pages of typescript. When it was returned to him in print form to sign as verification, under oath, he took to correcting the speech as if they were proofs for another book. Frederick Taylor wanted to make it better, more concise, more efficient.

Fredrick Taylor died just a few years after the public inquiry, at the age of fifty-nine. Admirably, he'd devoted the final years of his life to finding the best cure for his ailing wife, whose illness doctor's couldn't seem to diagnose. As she suffered within their Pennsylvanian mansion, Taylor's singular vision was turned to her—he was compelled to find a solution to her problem. He would die trying. Miraculously, after her husband's death, Louise Taylor's health improved. It seems what she had needed all along was a break—from her husband.

Novella

Amok by Stefan Zweig

In March, 1912, when a big mail-boat was unloading at Naples, there was an accident about which extremely inaccurate reports appeared in the newspapers. I myself saw nothing of the affair, for (in common with many of the passengers), wishing to escape the noise and discomfort of coaling, I had gone to spend the evening ashore. As it happens, however, I am in a position to know what really occurred, and to explain the cause. So many years have now elapsed since the incidents about to be related, that there is no reason why I should not break the silence I have hitherto maintained.

I had been travelling in the Federated Malay States. Recalled home by cable on urgent private affairs, I joined the *Wotan* at Singapore, and had to put up with very poor accommodation. My cabin was a hold of a place squeezed into a corner close to the engine-room, small, hot, and dark. The fusty, stagnant air reeked of oil. I had to keep the electric fan running, with the result that a fetid draught crawled over my face reminding me of the fluttering of a crazy bat. From beneath came the persistent rattle and groans of the engines, which sounded like a coal-porter tramping and wheezing as he climbed an unending flight of iron stairs; from above came the no less persistent tread of feet upon the promenade deck. As soon as I had had my cabin baggage properly stowed away, I fled from the place to the upper deck, where with delight I inhaled deep breaths of the balmy south wind.

But on this crowded ship the promenade deck, too, was full of bustle and disquiet. It was thronged with passengers, nervously irritable in their

enforced idleness and unavoidable proximity, chattering without pause as they prowled to and fro. The light laughter of the women who reclined in deck-chairs, the twists and turns of those who were taking a constitutional on the encumbered deck, the general hubbub, were uncongenial. In Malaya, and before that in Burma and Siam, I had been visiting an unfamiliar world. My mind was filled with new impressions, with lively images which chased one another in rapid succession. I wanted to contemplate them at leisure, to sort and arrange them, to digest and assimilate; but in this noisy boulevard, humming with life of a very different kind, there was no chance of finding the necessary repose. If I tried to read, the lines in the printed page ran together before my tired eyes when the shadows of the passers-by flickered over the white page. I could never be alone with myself and my thoughts in this thickly-peopled alley.

For three days I did my utmost to possess my soul in patience, resigned to my fellow-passengers, staring at the sea. The sea was always the same, blue and void, except that at nightfall for a brief space it became resplendent with a play of varied colours. As for the people, I had grown sick of their faces before the three days were up. I knew every detail of them all. I was surfeited with them, and equally surfeited with the giggling of the women and with the windy argumentativeness of some Dutch officers coming home on leave. I took refuge in the saloon; though from this haven, too I was speedily driven away because a group of English girls from Shanghai spent their time between meals hammering out waltzes on the piano. There was nothing for it but my cabin. I turned in after luncheon, having drugged myself with a couple of bottles of beer, resolved to escape dinner and the

dance that was to follow, hoping to sleep the clock round and more, and thus to spend the better part of a day in oblivion.

When I awoke it was dark, and stuffier than ever in the little coffin. I had switched off the fan, and was dripping with sweat. I felt heavy after my prolonged slumber, and some minutes slipped by before I fully realized where I was. It must certainly be past midnight, for there was no music to be heard, and the tramp-tramp of feet overhead had ceased. The only sound was that of the machinery, the beating heart of the leviathan who wheezed and groaned as he bore his living freight onward through the darkness.

I groped my way to the deck, where there was not a soul to be seen. Looking first at the smoking funnel and the ghostlike spars, I then turned my eyes upward and saw that the sky was clear; dark velvet, sprinkled with stars. It looked as if a curtain had been drawn across a vast source of light, and as if the stars were tiny rents in the curtain, through which that indescribable radiance poured. Never had I seen such a sky.

The night was refreshingly cool, as so often at this hour on a moving ship even at the Equator. I breathed the fragrant air, charged with the aroma of distant isles. For the first time since I had come on board I was seized with a longing to dream, conjoined with another desire, more sensuous, to surrender my body ... womanlike ... to the night's soft embrace. I wanted to lie down somewhere and gaze at the white hieroglyphs in the starry expanse. But the long chairs were all stacked and inaccessible. Nowhere on the empty deck was there a place for a dreamer to rest.

I made for the forecastle, stumbling over ropes and past iron windlasses to the bow, where I leaned over the rail watching the stem as it rose and fell, rhythmically, cutting its way through the phosphorescent waters. Did I stand there for an hour, or only for a few minutes? Who can tell? Rocked in that giant cradle, I took no note of the passing of time. All I was conscious of was a gentle lassitude, which was well-nigh voluptuous. I wanted to sleep, to dream; yet I was loath to quit this wizard's world, to return to my 'tween-decks coffin. Moving a pace or two, I felt with one foot a coil of rope. I sat down, and, closing my eyes, abandoned myself to the drowsy intoxication of the night. Soon the frontiers of consciousness became obscured ; I was not sure whether the sound I heard was that of my own breathing or that of the mechanical heart of the ship; I gave myself up more and more completely, more and more passively, to the envioning charm of this midnight world.

A dry cough near at hand recalled me to my senses with a start. Opening my eyes that were now attuned to the darkness, I saw close beside me the faint gleam of a pair of spectacles, and a few inches below this a fitful glow which obviously came from a pipe. Before I sat down I had been intent on the stars and the sea, and had thus overlooked this neighbor, who must have been sitting here motionless all the while. Still a little hazy as to my whereabouts, but feeling as if somehow I was an intruder, I murmured apologetically in my native German; "Excuse me !" The answer came promptly, "Not at all !" in the same language, and with an unmistakable German intonation.

It was strange and eerie, this darkling juxtaposition to an unseen and unknown person. I had the sensation that he was staring vainly at me just as I was staring vainly at him. Neither of us could see more than a dim silhouette, black against a dusky background. I could just hear his breathing and the faint gurgle of his pipe.

The silence became unbearable. I should have like to get up and go away, but was restrained by the conviction. that to do this without a word would be unpardonably rude. In my embarrassment I took out a cigarette and struck a match. For a second or two there was light, and we could see one another. What I saw was the face of a stranger, a man I had never yet seen in the dining saloon or on the promenade deck; a face which (was it only because the lineaments were caricatured in that momentary illumination?) seemed extraordinarily sinister and suggestive of a hobgoblin. Before I had been able to note details accurately, the darkness closed in again, so that once more all that was visible was the fitful glow from the pipe, and above it the occasional glint of the glasses. Neither of us spoke. The silence was sultry and oppressive, like tropical heat.

At length I could bear it no longer. Standing up, I said a civil “Good night.”

“Good night!” came the answer, in a harsh and raucous voice.

As I stumbled aft amid the encumbrances on the foredeck I heard footsteps behind me, hasty and uncertain.

My neighbor on the coil of rope was following me with unsteady gait. He did not come quite close, but through the darkness I could sense his anxiety and uneasiness.

He was speaking hurriedly.

“You’ll forgive me if I ask you a favour. I ... I,” he hesitated, “I . . . I have private, extremely private reasons for keeping to myself on board ... In mourning ... That’s why I made no acquaintances during the voyage. You expected, of course ... What I want is ... I mean, I should be very greatly obliged if you would refrain from telling anyone that you have seen me here. It is, let me repeat, strictly private grounds that prevent my joining in the life of the ship, and it would be most distressing to me were you to let fall a word about my frequenting this forecastle alone at night. I . .

He paused, and I was prompt in assuring him that his wishes should be respected. I was but a casual traveler, I said, and had no friends on board. We shook hands. I went back to my cabin to sleep out the night. But my slumbers were uneasy, for I had troublous dreams.

I kept my promise to say nothing to anyone about my strange encounter though the temptation to indiscretion was considerable. On a sea voyage the smallest trifle is an event—a sail on the horizon, a shoal of porpoises, a new flirtation, a practical joke. Besides, I was full of curiosity about this remarkable fellow-passenger. I scanned the list of bookings in search of a name which might fit him; and I looked at this person and that, wondering if

they knew anything about him. All day I suffered from nervous impatience, waiting for nightfall, when I hoped I might meet him again. Psychological enigmas have invariably fascinated me. An encounter with an inscrutable character makes me thrill with longing to pluck the heart out of the mystery, the urge of this desire being hardly less vehement than that of a man's desire to possess a woman. The day seemed insufferably long. I went to bed early, certain that an internal alarm would awaken me in the small hours.

Thus it was. I awoke at about the same time as on the previous night. Looking at my watch, whose figures and hands stood out luminous from the dial, I saw that the hour had just gone two. Quickly I made for the deck.

In the tropics the weather is less changeable than in our northern climes. The night was as before: dark, clear and lit with brilliant stars. But in myself there was a difference. I no longer felt dreamy and easeful, was no longer agreeably lulled by the gentle swaying of the ship. An intangible something confused and disturbed me, drew me irresistibly to the fore-deck. I wanted to know whether the mysterious stranger would again be sitting there, solitary, on the coil of rope. Reluctant and yet eager, I yielded to the impulse. As I neared the place I caught sight of what looked like a red and glowing eye — his pipe. He was there!

Involuntarily I stopped short, and was about to retreat, when the dark figure rose, took two steps forward, and, coming close to me, said in an apologetic and lifeless voice:

“Sorry! I’m sure you were coming back to your old place, and it seems to me that you were about to turn away because you saw me. Won’t you sit down? I’m just off.”

I hastened to rejoin that I was only on the point of withdrawing because I was afraid of disturbing him, and that I hoped he would stay.

“You won’t disturb me!” he said with some bitterness. “Far from it; I am glad not to be alone once in a while. For days upon days I have hardly spoken to a soul; years, it seems; and I find it almost more than I can bear to have to bottle everything up in myself. I can’t sit in the cabin any longer, the place is like a prison-cell ; and yet I can’t stand the passengers either, for they chatter and laugh all day. Their perpetual frivolling drives me frantic. The silly noise they make finds its way into my cabin, so that I have to stop my ears. Of course, they don’t know I can hear them, or how they exasperate me. Not that they’d care if they did, for they’re only a pack of foreigners.”

He suddenly pulled himself up, saying: “But I know I must be boring you. I didn’t mean to be so loquacious.”

He bowed, and moved to depart, but I pressed him to stay.

“You are not boring me in the least. Far from it, for I, too, am glad to have a quiet talk up here under the stars. Won’t you have a cigarette?”

As he lit it, I again got a glimpse of his face, the face which was now that of an acquaintance. In the momentary glare, before he threw away the match, he looked earnestly, searchingly at me, appealingly it almost seemed, as his spectacled eyes fixed themselves on mine.

I felt a thrill akin to horror. This man, so it seemed to me, had a tale to tell, was on fire to tell it, but some inward hindrance held him back. Only by silence, a silence that invited confidence, could I help him to throw off his restraint.

We sat down on the coil of rope, half facing one another, leaning against the top rail. His nervousness was betrayed by the shaking of the hand which held the cigarette. We smoked, and still I said never a word. At length he broke the silence.

“Are you tired?”

“Not an atom!”

“I should rather like to ask you something.” He hesitated.

“It would be more straightforward to say I want to tell you something. I know how ridiculous it is of me to begin babbling like this to the first comer; but, mentally speaking, I’m in a tight place. I’ve got to the point where I simply must tell someone, or else go clean off my head. You’ll understand why, as soon as I’ve told you. Of course, you can do nothing to help me, but

keeping my trouble to myself is making me very ill, and you know what fools sick folk are—or what fools they seem to healthy people.”

I interrupted him, and begged him not to distress himself with fancies of that sort, but to go ahead with his story. “Naturally there would be no meaning in my giving you unlimited promises of help, when I don’t know the situation. Still, I can at least assure you of my willingness to give you what help I may. That’s a man’s plain duty, isn’t it, to show that he is ready to pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole? One can try to help, at least.”

“Duty to offer help? Duty to try, at least? Duty to show that one’s ready to pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole?”

Thus did he repeat what I had said, staccato, in a tone of unwonted bitterness flavored with mockery, whose significance was to become plain to me later. For the moment, there was something in his scanning iteration of my words which made me wonder whether he was mad or drunk.

As if guessing my thoughts, he went on in a more ordinary voice: “You’ll perhaps think me queer in the head, or that I’ve been imbibing too freely in my loneliness. That’s not what’s the matter, and I’m sane enough —so far I What set me off was one word you used, and the connection in which you happened to use it, the word ‘duty’. It touched me on the raw, and I’m raw all over, for the strange thing is that what torments me all the time is a question of duty, duty, duty ...”

He pulled himself up with a jerk. Without further circumlocution, he began to explain himself clearly.

‘I’m a doctor, you must know. That’s a vital point in my story. Now, in medical practice one often has to deal with cases in which duty is not so plain as you might think. Fateful cases; you can call them border-line cases, if you like. In these cases there’s not just one obvious duty ; there are conflicting duties : one duty of the ordinary kind, which runs counter to a duty to the State, and perhaps on the other side runs counter to a duty to science. Help pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole? Of course one should. That’s what one’s there for. But such maxims are purely theoretical. In a practical instance, how far is help to go? Here you turn up, a nocturnal visitant, and, though you’ve never seen me before, and I’ve no claim on you, I ask you not to tell anyone you’ve seen me. Well, you hold your tongue, because you feel it your duty to help me in the way I ask. Then you turn up again, and I beg you to let me talk to you because silence is eating my heart out. You are good enough to listen. After all, that’s easy enough. I haven’t asked you anything very difficult. But suppose I were to say:’ *‘Catch hold of me and throw me overboard!’* You would quickly reach the limit of your complaisance, wouldn’t you? You would no longer regard it as a ‘duty to help’, I suppose ! There must be a limit somewhere. This duty of which you speak, surely it comes to an end before the point is reached at which one’s own life is gravely imperiled, or one’s own responsibility to accepted public institutions is affected? Or perhaps this duty to help has no limits at all where a doctor is concerned? Should a doctor be a universal savior simply because he has a diploma couched in Latin? Has he for that reason to fling

away his life when someone happens along and implores him to be helpful and kind-hearted? There is a limit to duty, and you reach it when you're at the end of your tether!"

He went off at a tangent once more.

"I'm sorry to show so much excitement. It's not because I'm drunk. I'm not drunk—^yet. True, I'm drinking heavily here on board ; and I've got drunk now and again of late, for my life has been so damnably lonely in the East, Just think, for seven years I've been living almost exclusively among natives and animals; and in such conditions you naturally forget how to talk sanely and calmly. When, at last, you get a chance of talking to a man of your own people, your tongue runs away with you. Where was I? I was going to put a question to you, was going to place a problem before you, to ask you whether it was really incumbent on one to help, no matter in what circumstances, as an angel from heaven might help . . . But I'm afraid it will be rather a long business. You're really not tired?"

"Not the least bit in the world I"

He was groping behind him in the darkness. I heard something clink, and could make out the forms of a couple of bottles. He poured from one of them into a glass, and handed it to me—a large peg of neat whisky.

"Won't you have a drink?"

To keep him company, I sipped, while he, for lack of another glass, took a bountiful swig from the bottle. There was a moment's silence, during which came five strokes on the ship's bell. It was half-past two in the morning.

“Well, I want to put a case before you. Suppose there was a doctor practicing in a little town—in the country, really. A doctor who ...” He broke off, hesitated a while, and then made a fresh start. “No, that won't do. I must tell you the whole thing exactly as it happened, and as it happened to myself. A direct narrative from first to last. Otherwise you'll never be able to understand. There must be no false shame, no concealment. When people come to consult me, they have to strip to the buff, have to show me their excreta. If I am to help them, they must make no bones about informing me as to the most private matters. It will be of no use for me to tell you of something that happened to someone else, to a mythical Doctor Somebody, somewhere and some when. I shall strip naked, as if I were your patient. Anyway, I have forgotten all decency in that horrible place where I have been living, in that hideous solitude, in a land which eats the soul out of your body and sucks the marrow out of your bones.”

I must have made some slight movement of protest, for he went off on a side issue.

“Ah, I can see you are an enthusiast for the East, an admirer of the temples and the palm trees, filled full with the romance of the regions where you have been travelling for your pleasure, to while away a month or two. No doubt the tropics are charming to one who hurries or saunters through them

by rail, in a motor-car, or in a rickshaw. I felt the same when I first came out seven years ago. I was full of dreams about what I was going to do ; learn the native tongue ; read the Sacred Books in the original; study tropical diseases; do original scientific work; master the psychology of the *indigenes* (thus do we phrase it in our European jargon) ; become a missionary of civilization. ...

“But life out there is like living in a hot-house with invisible walls. It saps the energies. You get fever, though you swallow quinine by the teaspoonful; and fever takes all the guts out of you, you become limp and lazy, as soft as a jellyfish. A European is cut adrift from his moorings if he has to leave the big towns and is sent to one of those accursed settlements in a jungle or a swamp. Sooner or later he will lose his poise. Some take to drink; others learn opium-smoking from the Chinese; others find relief in brutality, sadism, or what not—they all go off the rails. How one longs for home! To walk along a street with proper buildings in it 1 To sit in a solidly constructed room with glass windows, and among white men and women. So it goes on year after year, until at length the time for home leave comes round—and a man finds he has grown too inert even to take his furlough. What would be the use? He knows he has been forgotten, and that, if he did go home, there would be no welcome awaiting him or (worse still) his coming might be utterly ignored. So he stays where he is, in a mangrove swamp or in a steaming forest. It was a sad day for me when I sold myself into servitude on the Equator.

“Besides, forgoing my home leave was not quite so voluntary an affair as I have implied. I had studied medicine in Germany, where I was born, and soon after I was qualified I got a good post at the Leipzig Clinic. If you were to look up the files of the medical papers of that date you would find that a new method of treatment I advocated for one of the commoner diseases made some little stir, so that I had been a good deal talked about for so young a man.

“Then came a love-affair which ruined my chances. It was with a woman whose acquaintance I made at the hospital. She’d been living with a man she’d driven so crazy that he tried to shoot himself and failed to make a clean job of it. Soon I was as crazy as he. She had a sort of cold pride about her which I found irresistible. Women that are domineering and rather impudent can always do anything they, like with me, but this woman reduced me to pulp. I did whatever she wanted, and in the end (it seems hard to tell you, though the story’s an old one now, dating from eight years ago) for her sake I stole some money from the hospital safe. The thing came out, of course, and there was the devil to pay. An uncle of mine made the loss good, but there was no more career for me in Leipzig.

“Just at this time I heard that the Dutch Government was short of doctors in the colonial service, would take Germans, and was actually offering a premium. That told me there must be a catch in it somewhere, and I knew well enough that in these tropical plantations tombstones grow as luxuriantly as the vegetation- But when you’re young you’re always ready to believe

that fever and death will strike some other fellow down and give you the go-by.

“After all, I hadn’t much choice. I made my way to Rotterdam, signed on for ten years, and got a fine, thick wad of banknotes. I sent half of them to my uncle. A girl of the town got the rest— the half of the premium and any other money I could raise—all because she was so like the young woman to whom I owed my downfall. Without money, without even a watch, without illusions, I steamed away from Europe, and was by no means sad at heart when the vessel cleared the port. I sat on deck much as you are sitting now ready to take delight in the East, in the palm trees under new skies; dreaming of the wonderful forests, of solitude, and of peace.

“I soon had my fill of solitude. They did not station me in Batavia or in Surabaya, in one of the big towns where there are human beings with white skins, a club and a golf course, books and newspapers. They sent me to ... well, never mind the name! A God-forgotten place up country, a day’s journey from the nearest town. The ‘society’ consisted of two or three dull-witted and sundried officials and one or two half-castes. The settlement was encircled by interminable forests, plantations, jungles, and swamps.

“Still, it was tolerable at first. There was the charm of novelty. I studied hard for a time. Then the Vice- Resident was making a tour of inspection through the district, and had a motor smash. Compound fracture of the leg, no other doctor within hail, an operation needed, followed by a good recovery—and a considerable amount of kudos for me, since the patient was a big gun. I did

some anthropological work, on the poisons and weapons used by the primitives. Until the freshness had worn off, I found a hundred and one things which helped to keep me alive.

“This lasted just as long as the vigor I had brought with me from Europe. Then the climate got hold of me. The other white men in the settlement bored me to death. I shunned their company, began to drink rather heavily, and to browse on my own weary thoughts. After all, I had only to stick it for another two years. Then I could retire on a pension, and start life afresh in Europe. Nothing to do but wait till the time was up. And there I should still be waiting, but for the unexpected happening I am going to tell you about.”

The voice in the darkness ceased. So still was the night that once more I could hear the sound of the ship's stem clearing the water, and the distant pulsing of the machinery. I should have been glad to light a cigarette, but I was afraid I might startle the narrator by any sudden movement and by the unexpected glare.

For a time the silence was unbroken. Had he changed his mind, and decided it would be indiscreet to tell me any more? Had he dropped off into a doze?

While I was thus meditating, six bells struck. It was three in the morning. He stirred, and I heard a faint clink as he picked up the whisky bottle. He was priming himself again. Then he resumed, with a fresh access of tense passion.

“Well, so things went with me. Month after month I had been sitting inactive in that detestable spot, as motionless as a spider in the centre of its web. The rainy season was over. For weeks I had been listening to the downpour on the roof, and not a soul had come near me — no European, that is to say. I had been alone in the house with my native servants and my whisky. Being even more homesick than usual, when I read in a novel about lighted streets and white women my fingers would begin to tremble. You are only what we call a globetrotter; you don’t know the country as those who live there know it. A white man is seized at times by what might be accounted one of the tropical diseases, a nostalgia so acute as to drive him almost into delirium. Well, in some such paroxysm I was poring over an atlas, dreaming of journeys possible and impossible. At this moment two of my servants came, open-mouthed with astonishment, to say that a lady had called to see me—a white lady.

“I, too, was amazed. I had heard no sound of carriage or of car. What the devil was a white woman doing in this wilderness?

“I was sitting in the upstairs veranda of my two storied house and not dressed for white company. In the minute or two that were needed for me to make myself presentable I was able to pull myself together a little; but I was still nervous, uneasy, filled with disagreeable forebodings, when at length I went downstairs. Who on earth could it be? I was friendless. Why should a white woman come to visit me in the wilds?

“The lady was sitting in the ante-room, and behind her chair was standing a China boy, obviously her servant. As she jumped up to greet me, I saw that her face was hidden by a thick motor-veil. She began to speak before I could say a word.

“ ‘Good morning. Doctor,’ she said in English. ‘You’ll excuse my dropping in like this without an appointment, won’t you?’ She spoke rather rapidly, almost as if repeating a speech which had been mentally rehearsed. ‘When we were driving through the settlement and had to stop the car for a moment, I remembered that you lived here.’ This was puzzling. If she had come in a car, why hadn’t she driven up to the house? I’ve heard so much about you—what a wonder you worked when the Vice-Resident had that accident. I saw him the other day playing golf as well as ever. Your name is in everyone’s mouth down there, and we’d all gladly give away our grumpy old senior surgeon and his two assistants if we could but get you in exchange. Besides, why do you never come to headquarters? You live up here like a yogi!’

“She ran on and on, without giving me a chance to get in a word edgewise. Manifestly her loquacity was the outcome of nervousness, and it made me nervous in my turn. ‘Why does she go on chattering like this?’ I wondered. ‘Why doesn’t she tell me who she is? Why doesn’t she take off her veil? Has she got fever? Is she a madwoman? I grew more and more distraught, feeling like a fool as I stood there *mum chance* while she overwhelmed me with her babble. At length the stream ran dry, so that I was able to invite her upstairs. She made a sign to the boy to stay where he was, and swept up the stairway in front of me.

“‘Pleasant quarters here,’ she exclaimed, letting her gaze roam over my sitting-room. ‘Ah, what lovely books I How I should like to read them all!’ She strolled to the bookcase and began to con the titles. For the first time since she had said good-morning to me, she was silent for a space.

“ ‘May I offer you a cup of tea?’ I inquired.

“She answered without turning round: “ ‘No, thank you, Doctor. I’ve only a few minutes to spare. Hullo, there’s Flaubert’s *Education Sentimentale*. What a book! So you read French, too. Wonderful people, you Germans—^they teach you so many languages at school. It must be splendid to be able to speak them as you do. The Vice-Resident swears he would never allow anyone but you to use a knife on him. That senior surgeon of ours, all he’s fit for is bridge. But you— well, it came into my head to-day that I should like to consult you, and as I was driving through the settlement I thought to myself, “There’s no time like the present!” But’—all this she said without looking at me, for she kept her face towards the books—‘I expect you’re frightfully busy. Perhaps I’d better call another day?’

“ ‘Are you going to show your cards at last?’ I wondered. Of course I gave no sign of this, but assured her that I was at her service, now or later, as she preferred.

“‘Oh, well, since I’m here!’ She turned half round towards me, but did not look up, continuing to flutter the pages of a book she had taken from the

shelf. 'It's nothing serious. The sort of troubles women often have. Giddiness, fainting-fits, nausea. This morning in the car, when we were rounding a curve, I suddenly lost my senses completely. The boy had to hold me up, or I should have slipped on to the floor. He got me some water, and then I felt better. I suppose the chauffeur must have been driving too fast. Don't you think so, Doctor?'

"I can't answer that off-hand. Have you had many such fainting-fits?"

" 'No. Not until recently, that is. During the last few weeks, pretty often. And I've been feeling so sick in the mornings.'

"She was back at the bookcase, had taken down another volume, and was fluttering the pages as before. Why did she behave so strangely? Why didn't she lift her veil and look me in the face? Purposely I made no answer. It pleased me to let her wait. If she could behave queerly, so could I ! At length she went on, in her nonchalant, detached way.

" 'You agree, don't you, Doctor? It can't be anything serious. Not one of those horrid tropical diseases, surely? Nothing dangerous.'

" 'I must see if you' have any fever. Let me feel your pulse.'

"I moved towards her, but she evaded me.

““No, Doctor, I’m sure I have no fever. I’ve taken my temperature every day since ... since I began to be troubled with this faintness. Never above normal. And my digestion’s all right, too.’

“I hesitated for a little. The visitor’s strange manner had aroused my suspicions. Obviously she wanted to get something out of me. She had not driven a couple of hundred miles into this remote corner in order to discuss Flaubert! I kept her waiting for a minute or two before saying: ‘Excuse me, but may I ask you a few plain questions?’

““Of course, of course. One comes to a doctor for that” she said lightly. But she had turned her back on me again, and was fiddling with the books.

““Have you had any children?’

““Yes, one, a boy.’

““Well, did you have the same sort of symptoms then, in the early months, when you were pregnant?’

““Yes.’

“The answer was decisive, blunt, and no longer in the tone of mere prattle which had characterized her previous utterances.

“ ‘Well, isn’t it possible that that’s what’s the matter with you now?’”

“‘Yes.’

“Again the response was sharp and decisive.

“‘You’d better come into my consulting-room. An examination will settle the question in a moment.’

“At length she turned to face me squarely, and I could almost feel her eyes piercing me through her veil.

“‘No need for that, Doctor. I haven’t a shadow of doubt as to my condition.’

” A pause. I heard the narrator take another dose of his favorite stimulant. Then he resumed: “Think the matter over for yourself. I had been rotting away—there in my loneliness, and then this woman turned up from nowhere, the first white woman I had seen for years—and I felt as if something evil, something dangerous, had come into my room. Her iron determination made my flesh creep. She had come, it seemed, for idle chatter; and then without warning she voiced a demand as if she were throwing a knife at me. For what she wanted of me was plain enough. That was not the first time women had come to me with such a request. But they had come imploringly, had with tears besought me to help them in their trouble. Here, however, was a woman of exceptional, of virile, determination. From the outset I had felt that she was stronger than I, that she could probably mould me to her will. Yet if there were evil in the room, it was in me likewise, in me the man.

Bitterness had risen in me, a revolt against her. I had sensed in her an enemy.

“For a time I maintained an obstinate silence. I felt that she was eyeing me from behind her veil, that she was challenging me; that she wanted to force me to speak. But I was not ready to comply. When I did answer, I spoke beside the point, as if unconsciously mimicking her discursive and indifferent manner. I pretended that I had not understood her; tried to compel her to be candid. I was unwilling to meet her half-way. I wanted her to implore me, as the others had done ... wanted it for the very reason that she had approached me so imperiously, and precisely because I knew myself to be a weakling in face of such arrogance as hers.

“Consequently, I talked all round the subject, saying that her symptoms were of trifling importance, that such fainting-fits were common form in early pregnancy, and that, far from being ominous, they generally meant that things would go well. I quoted cases I had seen and cases I had read of; I treated the whole affair as a bagatelle; I talked and talked, waiting for her to interrupt me. For I knew she would have to cut me short.

“She did so with a wave of the hand, as if sweeping my words of reassurance into the void.

“ ‘That’s not what worries me. Doctor. I’m not so well as I was the time before. My heart troubles me.’

“‘Heart trouble, you say?’ I rejoined, feigning an anxiety I did not feel. ‘Well, I’d better go into that at once.’ I made a movement as if to reach for my stethoscope,

“Once more she was recalcitrant. She spoke commandingly, almost like a drill-sergeant.

“ ‘You may take my word for it that I have heart trouble. I don’t want to waste my time and yours with examinations that are quite unnecessary. Besides, I think you might show a little more confidence in what I tell you. I have trusted you to the full!’

“This was a declaration of war. She had thrown down the glove and I did not hesitate to lift it.

“‘Trust implies frankness, perfect frankness. Please speak to me straightforwardly. But above all take off your veil and sit down. Let the books alone and put your cards on the table. It’s not usual to keep a veil on when one comes to consult a medical man.’

“In her turn she accepted the challenge. Sitting down in front of me, she lifted her veil. The face thus disclosed was the sort of face I had dreaded ; it was controlled and inscrutable; one of those exceptionally beautiful English faces which age cannot wither; but this lovely woman was still quite young, this woman with grey eyes that seemed so full of self-confident repose and yet to hint at depths of passion. Her lips were firmly set and would betray

nothing she wished to keep to herself. For a full minute we gazed at one another; she imperiously and yet questioningly, with a look almost cruelly cold, so that in the end I had to lower my eyes.

“Her knuckles rattled against the table. She could not shake off her nervousness. Suddenly she said: “ ‘Doctor, do you or do you not know what I want of you?’

“‘I can make a shrewd guess, I fancy? Let us speak plainly. You want to put an end to your present condition. You want me to free you from the fainting-fits, the nausea, and so on—^by removing the cause. Is that it?’

“‘Yes.’

“The word was as decisive as the fall of the knife in aguillotine.

“‘Are you aware that such things are dangerous ... to both the persons concerned?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘That the operation is illegal?’

“‘I know that there are circumstances in which it is not prohibited; nay, in which it is regarded as essential.’

““Yes, when there are good medical grounds for undertaking it.’

““Well, you can find such grounds. You are a doctor.’

“She looked at me without a quiver, as if issuing an order; and I, the weakling, trembled in my amazement at the elemental power of her resolve. Yet I still resisted. I would not let her see that she was too strong for me, ‘Not so fast,’ I thought. ‘Make difficulties! Compel her to sue !’

““A doctor cannot always find sufficient reasons. Still, I don’t mind having a consultation with one of my colleagues ...’

““I don’t want one of your colleagues. It is you I have come to consult.’

““Why me, may I ask?’

“She regarded me coldly, and said: ““I don’t mind telling you that I I came to you because you live in an out-of-the-way place, because you have never met me before, because your known ability, and because’ ... she hesitated for the first time, ‘because ... , you are not likely to stay in Java much longer—especially if you have a large sum of money in hand to go home with.’

“A shiver ran through me. This mercantile calculation made my flesh creep. No tears, no beseeching. She had taken my measure, had reckoned up my price, and had sought me out in full confidence that she could mould me to her will. In truth I was almost overpowered; but her attitude towards me

filled me with gall, and I constrained myself to reply with a chilly, almost sarcastic inflection: “‘This large sum of money you speak of, you offer it me for ...?’

“‘For your help now, to be followed by your immediate departure from the Dutch Indies/

“‘Surely you must know that that would cost me my pension?’

“ ‘The fee I propose would more than compensate you.’

“ ‘You are good enough to use plain terms, but I should like you to be even more explicit. What fee were you thinking of?’

“ ‘One hundred thousand gulden, in a draft on Amsterdam.’

“I trembled, both with anger and surprise. She had reckoned it all out, had calculated my price, and offered me this preposterous fee upon the condition that I should break my contract with the Dutch Government; she had bought me before seeing me; she had counted on my compliance. I felt like slapping her face, so angered was I by this contumelious treatment. But when I rose up in my wrath (she, too, was standing once more) , the sight of that proud, cold mouth of hers which would not beg a favor, the flash of her arrogant eyes, aroused the brute in me, and of a sudden I burned with desire. Something in my expression must have betrayed my feeling, for she raised her eyebrows as one does when a beggar is importunate. In that instant we

hated one another, and were aware of our mutual detestation. She hated me because she had to make use of me, and I hated her because she demanded my help instead of imploring it. In this moment of silence we were for the first time speaking frankly to one another. As if a venomous serpent had bitten me, a terrible thought entered my mind, and I said to her ... I said to her ...

“But I go too fast, and you will misunderstand me. I must first of all explain to you whence this crazy notion came.”

He paused. More whisky. His voice was stronger when he resumed.

“I’m not trying to make excuses for myself. But I don’t want you to misunderstand me. I suppose I’ve never been what is called a ‘good’ man, and yet I think I’ve always been ready to help people whenever I could. In the rotten sort of life I had to live out there, my one pleasure was to use the knowledge I had scraped together and thus to give poor sick wretches new hopes of health. That’s a creative pleasure, you know; makes a man feel as if, for once, he were a god. It was pure delight to me when a brown-skinned Javanese was brought in, foot swollen to the size of his head from snake-bite, shrieking with terror lest the only thing that would save him might be an amputation ... and I was able to save both life and leg. I have driven hours into the jungle to help a native woman laid up with fever. At Leipzig, in the clinic, I was ready enough, sometimes, to help women in just the same plight as my lady here. But in those cases, at least, one felt that one’s patient

had come to one in bitter need, asking to be rescued from death or from despair. It was the feeling of another's need that made me ready to help.

“But this particular woman—how can I make you understand. She had irritated me from the first moment when she dropped in with the pretence that she was on a casual excursion. Her arrogance had set my back up. Her manner had aroused the slumbering demon, the *Caliban* that lies hidden in us all. I was furious that she should come to me with her fine-lady airs, with her assumption of dispassionateness in what was really a life-or-death matter. Besides, a woman does not get into the family way from playing golf, or some such trifle. I pictured to myself with exasperating plainness that this imperious creature, so cold, so aloof ... for whom I was to be a mere instrument, and, apart from that, of no more significance to her than the dirt beneath her feet ... must, only two or three months before, have been passionate enough when clasped in the arms of the father of this unborn child she now wished me to destroy. Such was the thought which obsessed me. She had approached me with supercilious contempt; but I would make her mine with all the virile masterfulness and impetus and ardor of that unknown man. This is what I want you to grasp. Never before had I tried to take advantage of my position as a doctor. If I did so now, it was not from lust, not from an animal longing for sexual possession. I assure you it was not. I was moved by the craving to master her pride, to prove myself a dominant male, and thus to assert the supremacy of my ego over hers.

‘I have already told you that arrogant, seemingly cold women have always exercised a peculiar power over me. Superadded to this, on the present

occasion, was the fact that for seven years I had not had a white woman in my arms, had never encountered resistance in my wooing. Native girls are timorous little creatures who tremble with respectful ecstasy when a ‘white lord,’ a ‘tuan,’ deigns to take possession of them. They are overflowing with humility, always ready to give themselves for the asking—^with a servility that robs voluptuousness of its tang. The Arab girls are different, I believe, and perhaps even the Chinese and the Malays ; but I had been living among the Javanese. You can understand, then, how thrilled I was by this woman, so haughty and fierce and reserved; so brimful of mystery, and gravid with the fruit of a recent passion. You can realize what it meant to me that such a woman should walk boldly into the cage of such a man as I ... a veritable beast, lonely, starved, cut off from human fellowship. I tell you all this that you may understand what follows. Those were the thoughts that coursed through my brain, those were the impulses that stirred me, when, simulating indifference, I said coolly:

“ 'One hundred thousand gulden? No, I won't do it for that.' ”

“She looked at me, paling a little. No doubt she felt intuitively that the obstacle was not a matter of money. All she said, however, was: “ 'What fee do you ask, then?' ”

“ 'Let's be frank with one another,' I rejoined. 'I am no trader. You must not look upon me as the poverty stricken apothecary in “Romeo and Juliet” who vends poison for the “worse poison,” gold. You will never get what you want from me if you regard me as a mere man of business,' ”

“ ‘You won’t do it, then?’

“ ‘Not for money.’

“For a moment there was silence. The room was so still that I could hear her breathing.

“ ‘What else can you want?’

“I answered hotly: “ ‘I want, first of all, that you should approach me, not as a trader, but as a man. That when you need help you should come to me, not with a parade of your gold “that’s poison to men’s souls,” but with a prayer to me, the human being, that I should help you, the human being. I am not only a doctor. “Hours of Consultation” are not the only hours I have to dispose of. There are other hours as well—and you may have chanced upon me in one of those other hours.’

“A brief silence followed. Then she pursed up her lips, and said: “ ‘So you would do it if I were to implore you?’”

“ ‘I did not say so. You are still trying to bargain, and win only plead if you have my implied promise. Plead first, and then I will answer you.’

“She tossed her head defiantly, like a spirited horse.

“‘I will not plead for your help. I would rather die.’

“I saw red, and answered furiously.

“‘If you will not sue, I will demand. I think there is no need of words. You know already what I want. When you have given it, I will help you.’

“She stared at me for a moment. Then (how can I make you realize the horror of it?) the tension of her features relaxed and she burst out laughing. She laughed with a contempt which at once ground me to powder and intoxicated me to madness. It came like an explosion of incredible violence, this disdainful laughter; and its effect on me was such that I wanted to abase myself before her, longed to kiss her feet. The energy of her scorn blasted me like lightning—and in that instant she turned, and made for the door.

“Involuntarily I pursued her to mumble excuses, to pray forgiveness, so crushed was I in spirit. But she faced me before leaving, to say, to command:
“ ‘Do not dare to follow me, or try to find out who I am. If you do, you will regret it.’

“In a flash, she was gone.”

Further hesitation. Another silence. Then the voice issued from the darkness once more.

“She vanished through the doorway, and I stood rooted to the spot. I was, as it were, hypnotized by her prohibition. I heard her going downstairs; I heard the house-door close ; I heard everything. I longed to follow her. Why? I don’t know whether it was to call her back, to strike her, to strangle her. Anyhow, I wanted to follow her—and could not. It was as if her fierce answer had paralyzed me. I know this will sound absurd; such, however, was the fact. Minutes passed— five, ten, it may be—before I could stir.

“But as soon as I made the first movement, the spell was broken. I rushed down the stairs. There was only one road by which she could have gone, first to the settlement, and thence back to civilization. I hastened to the shed to get my bicycle, only to find that I had forgotten the key. Without waiting to fetch it I dragged the frail bamboo door from its hinges and seized the wheel. Next moment I was pedaling madly down the road in pursuit. I must catch her up; I must overtake her before she could get to her car ; I must speak to her.

“The dusty track unrolled itself in front of me, and the distance I had to ride before I caught sight of her showed me how long I must have stood entranced after she left. There she was at last, where the road curved round the forest just before entering the settlement. She was walking quickly; behind her strode the China boy. She must have become aware of my pursuit the instant I saw her, for she stopped to speak to the boy and then went on alone, while he stood waiting. Why did she go on alone? Did she want to speak to me where no one could listen? I put on a spurt, when suddenly the

boy, as I was about to pass him, leapt in front of me. I swerved to avoid him, ran up the bank, and fell.

“I was on my feet again in an instant, cursing the boy, and I raised my fist to deal him a blow, but he evaded it. Not bothering about him any more, I picked up my bicycle and was about to remount when the rascal sprang forward and seized the handle-bar, saying in pidgin- English;

“‘Master stoppee here.’

“You haven’t lived in the tropics. You can hardly realize the intolerable impudence of such an action on the part of a native, and a servant at that. A yellow beast of a China boy actually presumed to catch hold of my bicycle and to tell me, a white ‘tuan,’ to stay where I was! My natural answer was to give him one between the eyes. He staggered, but maintained his grip on the cycle. His slit-like, slanting eyes were full of slavish fear, but for all that he was stout of heart, and would not let go.

“ ‘Master stoppee here !’ he repeated.

“It was lucky I had not brought my automatic pistol. Had I had it with me, I should certainly have shot him then and there.

“‘Let go, you dog !’ I shouted.

“He stared at me, panic-stricken, but would not obey. In a fury and feeling sure that further delay would enable her to escape me, I gave him a knock-out blow on the chin, which crumbled him up in the road.

“Now the cycle was free; but, when I tried to mount, I found that the front wheel had been buckled in the fall and would not turn. After a vain attempt to straighten the wheel, I flung the machine in the dust beside the China boy (who, bleeding from my violence, was coming to his senses) and ran along the road into the settlement.

“Yes, I ran; and here again, you, who have not lived in the tropics, will find it hard to realize all that this implies. For a white man, a European, thus to forget his dignity, and to run before a lot of staring natives, is to make himself a laughing-stock. Well, I was past thinking of my dignity. I ran like a madman in front of the huts, where the inmates gaped to see the settlement doctor, the white lord, running like a rickshaw coolie.

“I was dripping with sweat when I reached the settlement;

“ ‘Where’s the car?’ I shouted, breathless.

“ ‘Just gone, Tuan,’ came the answer.

“They were staring at me in astonishment. I must have looked like a lunatic, wet and dirty, as I shouted out my question the moment I was within hail. Glancing down the road I saw, no longer the car, but the dust raised by its

passing. She had made good her escape. Her device of leaving the boy to hinder me had been successful.

“Yet, after all, her flight availed her nothing. In the tropics the names and the doings of the scattered members of the ruling European caste are known to all. From this outlook, Java is but a big village where gossip is rife. While she had been visiting me, her chauffeur had spent an idle hour in the settlement headquarters. Within a few minutes I knew everything ; knew her name and that she lived in the provincial capital more than a hundred and fifty miles away. She was (as, indeed, I knew already) an Englishwoman. Her husband was a Dutch merchant, fabulously rich. He had been away five months, on a business journey in America, and was expected back in a few days. Then husband and wife were to pay a visit to England.

“Her husband had been five months away. It had been obvious to me that she could not be more than three months pregnant.

“Till now it has been easy enough for me to explain everything to you clearly, for up to this point my motives were plain to myself. As a doctor, a trained observer, I could readily diagnose my own condition. But from now on I was like a man in delirium. I had completely lost self-control. I knew how preposterous were my actions, and yet I went on doing them. Have you ever heard of ‘running amuck’ ?

“Yes, I think so. It’s some sort of drunken frenzy among the Malays, isn’t it?”

“More than drunkenness. More than frenzy. It’s a condition which makes a man behave like a rabid dog, transforms him into a homicidal maniac. It’s a strange and terrible mental disorder. I’ve seen cases of it and studied them carefully while in the East, without ever being able to clear up its true nature. It’s partly an outcome of the climate, of the sultry, damp, oppressive atmosphere, which strains the nerves until at last they snap. Of course a Malay who runs amuck has generally been in trouble of some sort—jealousy gambling losses, or what not. The man will be sitting quietly, as if there were nothing wrong—just as I was sitting in my room before she came to see me.

“Suddenly he will spring to his feet, seize his kris, dash into the street, and run headlong no matter where. He stabs any who happen to find themselves in his path, and the shedding of blood infuriates him more and more. He foams at the mouth, shouts as he runs, tears on and on, brandishing his blood-stained dagger. Everyone knows that nothing but death will stop the madman; they scurry out of his way, shouting ‘Amok, Amok,’ to warn others. Thus he runs, killing, killing, killing, until he is shot down like the mad dog that he is.

“It is because I have seen Malays running amuck that I know so well what was my condition during those days, those days still so recent, those days about which I am going to tell you. Like such a Malay, I ran my furious course in pursuit of that Englishwoman, looking neither to the right nor to the left, obsessed with the one thought of seeing her again. I can scarcely

remember all I did in the hurried moments before I actually set out on her trail. Within a minute or two of learning her name and where she lived, I had borrowed a bicycle and was racing back to my own quarters. I flung a spare suit or two into a valise, stuffed a bundle of notes into my pocket, and rode off to the nearest railway station. I did not report to the district officer; I made no arrangements about a substitute; I left the house just as it was, paying no heed to the servants who gathered round me asking for instructions.

Within an hour from the time when that woman had first called to see me, I had broken with the past and was running amuck into the void.

“In truth I gained nothing by my haste, as I should have known had I been able to think. It was late afternoon when I got to the railway station, and in the Javanese mountains the trains do not run after dark for fear of wash-outs. After a sleepless night in the dak-bungalow, and a day’s journey by rail, at six in the evening I reached the town where she lived, feeling sure that by car, she would have got there long before me. Within ten minutes I was at her door. ‘What could have been more senseless?’ you will say. I know, I know; but one who is running amuck runs amuck; he does not look where he is going.

“I sent in my card. The servant (not the China boy —I suppose he had not turned up yet) came back to say that his mistress was not well enough to see anyone.

“I stumbled into the street. For an hour or more I hung around the house, in the forlorn hope that perhaps she would relent and would send out for me. Then I took a room at a neighboring hotel and had a couple of bottles of whisky sent upstairs. With these and a stiff dose of *Veronal* I at length managed to drug myself into unconsciousness—a heavy sleep that was the only interlude in the race from life to death.”

Eight bells struck. It was four in the morning. The sudden noise startled the narrator, and he broke off abruptly. In a little while, however, collecting himself, he went on with his story.

“It is hard to describe the hours that followed. I think I must have had fever. Anyhow I was in a state of irritability bordering on madness. I was running amuck. It was on Tuesday evening that I got to the coast town, and, as I learned next morning, her husband was expected on Saturday. There were three clear days during which I might help her out of her trouble. I knew there wasn’t a moment to waste—and she wouldn’t see me! My longing to help, and my longing (still greater, if possible) to excuse myself for my insane demand, intensified the disorder of my nerves. Every second was precious. The whole thing hung by a hair and I had behaved so outrageously that she would not let me come near her. Imagine that you are running after someone to warn him against an assassin and that he takes you for the would-be assassin, so that he flees from you towards destruction. All that she could see in me was the frenzied pursuer who had humiliated her with a base proposal and now wanted to renew it.

“That was the absurdity of the whole thing. My one wish was to help her and she would not see me. I would have committed any crime to help her, but she did not know.

“Next morning when I called, the China boy was standing at the door. I suppose that he had got back by the same train as myself. He must have been on the lookout; for the instant I appeared he whisked out of sight ...though not before I had seen the bruises on his face. Perhaps he had only hurried in to announce my coming. That is one of the things that madden me now, to think that she may have realized that, after all, I wanted, to help, and may have been ready to receive me. But the sight of him reminded me of my shame, so that I turned back from the door without venturing to send in my name. I went away; went away in torment when she, perhaps, in no less torment, was awaiting me.

“I did not know how to pass the weary hours in this unfamiliar town. At length it occurred to me to call on the Vice-Resident, the man whose leg I had set to rights up country after he had had a motor smash. He was at home, and was, of course, delighted to see me. Did I tell you that I can speak Dutch as fluently as any Dutchman? I was at school in Holland for a couple of years. That was one reason why I chose the Dutch colonial service when I had to clear out of Leipzig.

“There must have been something queer about my manner, though. My grateful patient, for all his civility, eyed me askance, as if he divined that I was running amuck! I told him I had come to ask for a transfer. I couldn't

live in the wilds any longer. I wanted an instant remove to the provincial capital. He looked at me questioningly, and in a non-committal way—much as a medical man looks at a patient.

“ ‘A nervous break-down, Doctor?’ he inquired. ‘I understand that only too well. We can arrange matters for you, but you’ll have to wait for a little while ; three or four weeks, let us say, while we’re finding someone to relieve you at your present post.’

“ ‘Three or four weeks !’ I exclaimed. I can’t wait a single day!’

“Again that questioning look. “ ‘I’m afraid you’ll have to put up with it, Doctor. We mustn’t leave your station unattended. Still, I promise you I’ll set matters in train this very day.’

“I stood there biting my lips and realizing for the first time how completely I had sold myself into slavery. It was in my mind to defy him and his regulations ; but he was tactful, he was indebted to me, and he did not want an open breach. Forestalling my determination to reply angrily, he went on: “ ‘You’ve been living like a hermit, you know, and that’s enough to put anyone’s nerves on edge. We’ve all been wondering why you never asked for leave, why you never came to see us down here. Some cheerful company, now and then, would have done you all the good in the world. This evening, by the way, there’s a reception at Government House. Won’t you join us? The whole colony will be there, including a good many people

who have often asked about you and have wanted very much to make your acquaintance.'

"At this I pricked up my ears. 'Asked about me?' 'Wanted to make my acquaintance?' Was she one of them? The thought was like wine to me. I remembered my manners, thanked him for his invitation and promise to come early.

"I did go early, too early! Spurred on by impatience, I was the first to appear in the great drawing-room at the Residency. There I had to sit cooling my heels and listening to the soft tread of the bare-footed native servants who went to and fro about their business and (so it seemed to my morbid imagination) were sniggering at me behind my back. For a quarter of an hour I was the only guest amid a silence which, when the servants had finished their preparations, became so profound that I could hear the ticking of my watch in my pocket.

"Then the other guests began to arrive, some government officials with their wives, and the Vice-Resident put in an appearance. He welcomed me most graciously, and entered into a long conversation in which (I think) I was able to keep my end up all right—^until, of a sudden, my nervousness returned and I began to falter.

"She had entered the room and it was a good thing that at this moment the Vice-Resident wound up his talk with me and began a conversation with someone else, for otherwise I believe I should simply have turned my back

on the man. She was dressed in yellow silk, which set off her ivory shoulders admirably, and was talking brightly amid a group. Yet I, who knew her secret trouble, could read (or fancied I could read) care beneath her smile. I moved nearer, but she did not or would not see me. That smile of hers maddened me once more, for I knew it to be feigned. ‘Today is Wednesday,’ I thought. ‘On Saturday her husband will be back. How can she smile so unconcernedly? How can she toy with her fan, instead of breaking it with a convulsive clutch?’

“I, a stranger, was trembling in face of what awaited her. I, a stranger, had for two days been suffering with her suffering. What could her smile be but a mask to hide the storm that raged within?

“From the next room came the sound of music. Dancing was to begin. A middle-aged officer claimed her as his partner. Excusing herself to those with whom she had been conversing, she took his arm and walked with him towards the ballroom. This brought her close to me and she could not fail to see me. For a moment she was startled, and then (before I could make up my mind whether or not to claim acquaintance) she nodded in a friendly way, said ‘Good evening, Doctor,* and passed on.

“No one could have guessed what lay hidden behind that casual glance. Indeed, I myself was puzzled. Why had she openly recognized me? Was she making an advance, an offer of reconciliation? Was she still on the defensive? Had she merely been taken by surprise? How could I tell? All I knew was that I had been stirred to the depths, “I watched her as she

waltzed, a smile of enjoyment playing about her lips, and I knew that all the while she must be thinking, not of the dance, but of the one thing of which I was thinking, of the dread secret which she and I alone shared. The thought intensified (if possible) my anxiety, my longing, and my bewilderment. I don*t know if anyone else was observing me, but I am sure that my eager scrutiny of her must have been in manifest contrast to her ostensible unconcern. I simply could not look at anyone but her, for I was watching all the time to see whether she would not, were it but for a moment, let the mask fall. The fixity of my stare must have been disagreeable to her. As she came back on her partner’s arm, she flashed a look at me, dictatorial, angry, as if bidding me to exercise a little more self-control.

“But I, as I have explained to you, was running amuck. I knew well enough what her glance meant! ‘Don’t attract attention to me like this. Keep yourself in hand.’ She was asking me to show some discretion in this place of public assembly. I felt assured now, that if I went quietly home she would receive me should I call on the morrow; that all she wanted of me was that I should behave decorously; that she was (with good reason) afraid of my making a scene. Yes, I understood what she wanted; but I was running amuck and I had to speak to her there and then. I moved over to the group amid which she was talking. They were all strangers to me; yet I rudely shouldered my way in among them. There I stood my ground listening to her, though I trembled like a whipped cur whenever her eyes rested coldly on mine. I was obviously unwelcome. No one said a word to me and it must have been plain that she resented my intrusion.

“I cannot tell how long I should have gone on standing there. To all eternity, perhaps. I was spellbound. To her, however, the strain became unbearable. Suddenly she broke off and, with a charming and convincing assumption of indifference, said: ‘Well, I’m rather tired so I shall turn in early. I’ll ask you to excuse me. Good night!’

“She gave a friendly nod which included me with the others, and turned away. I watched her smooth, white, well-shaped back above her yellow silk gown and at first (so dazed was I) I scarcely realized that I was to see her no more that evening, that I was to have no word with her on that last evening to which I had looked forward as the evening of salvation. I stood stock-still until I grasped this. Then ... then ...

“I must put the whole picture before you, if I am to make you understand what an idiot I made of myself. The big drawing-room at the Residency was now almost empty, though blazing with light. Most of the guests were dancing in the ballroom, while the older men who had lost taste for pairing off in this way had settled down to cards elsewhere. There were but a few scattered groups talking here and there. Across this huge hall she walked, with that dignity and grace which enthralled me, nodding farewell to one and to another as she passed. By the time I had fully taken in the situation she was at the other end of the room and about to leave it. At that instant, becoming aware that she would escape me, I started to run after her, yes, to run, my pumps clattering as I sped across the polished floor. Of course everyone stared at me, and I was overwhelmed with shame ... yet I could

not stop, I caught her up as she reached the door, and she turned on me, her eyes blazing, her nostrils quivering with scorn.

“But she had the self-command which in me was so lamentably lacking, and in an instant she had mastered her anger and burst out laughing. With ready wit, speaking loudly so that all could hear, she said: “ ‘Ah, Doctor, so you’ve just remembered that prescription for my little boy, after all ! You men of science are apt to be forgetful now and again, aren’t you?’

“ Two men standing near by grinned good humouredly. I understood, admired the skill with which she was glossing over my clownishness, and had the sense to take her hint. Pulling out my pocket-book, in which there were some prescription blanks, I tore one off and handed it to her with a muttered apology. Taking the paper from me with a smile and a ‘Good night!’ she departed.

“She had saved the situation; but I felt that, as far as my position with her was concerned, the case was hopeless, that she loathed me for my insensate folly, hated me more than death ; that again and again and again (however often I might come) she would drive me from her door like a dog.

“I stumbled across the room, people staring at me. No doubt there was something strange about my appearance. Making my way to the buffet, I drank four glasses of brandy in brief succession. My nerves were worn to rags and nothing but this overdose of stimulant would have kept me going. I slipped away by a side door, furtively, as if I had been a burglar. Not for a

kingdom would I have crossed the great hall again, have exposed myself to mocking eyes. What did I do next? I can hardly remember. Wandering from one saloon to another, I tried to drink myself into oblivion; but nothing could dull my senses. Still I heard the laugh which had first driven me crazy and the feigned laughter with which she had covered up my boorishness that evening. Walking on the quays, I looked down into the water, and regretted bitterly that I had not brought my pistol with me so that I could blow out my brains and drop into the quiet pool. My mind became fixed on this automatic and I resolved to make an end of myself. I wearily went back to the hotel.

“If I refrained from shooting myself in the small hours, it was not, believe me, from cowardice. Nothing I should have liked better than to press the trigger, in the conviction that thus I could put an end to the torment of my thoughts. After all, I was obsessed by the idea of duty, that accursed notion of duty. It maddened me to think that she might still have need of me, to know that she really did need me. Here was Thursday morning. In two days her husband would be back. I was sure this proud woman would never live to face the shame that must ensue upon discovery. I tramped up and down my room for hours, turning these thoughts over in my mind, cursing the impatience, the blunders, that had made it impossible for me to help her. How was I to approach her now? How was I to convince her that all I asked was to be allowed to serve her? She would not see me, she would not see me. In fancy I heard her fierce laughter and watched her nostrils twitching with contempt. Up and down, up and down the ten feet of my narrow room till the tropic day had dawned and speedily the morning sun was glaring into the veranda. As you know, in the tropics everyone is up and about by six.

“Flinging myself into a chair, I seized some letter paper and began to write to her, anything, everything, a cringing letter, in which I implored her forgiveness, proclaimed myself a madman and a villain, besought her to trust me, to put herself in my hands after all. I swore that I would disappear thereafter, from the town, the colony, the world, if she wanted me to. Let her only forgive me and trust me, allow me to help her in this supreme moment.

“I covered twenty pages. It must have been a fantastic letter, like one penned in a lunatic asylum or by a man in the delirium of fever. When I had finished, I was dripping with sweat and the room whirled round me as I rose to my feet. Gulping down a glass of water, I tried to read through what I had written, but the words swam before my eyes. I reached for an envelope and then it occurred to me to add something that might move her. Snatching up the pen once more, I scrawled across the back of the last page: ‘Shall await a word of forgiveness here at the hotel. If I don’t hear from you before nightfall, I shall shoot myself.*

“Closing the letter, I shouted for one of the boys and told him to have the chit delivered instantly. There was nothing more for me to do but to await an answer.**

As if to mark this interval, it was some minutes before he spoke again. When he did so, the words came with a renewed impetus.

“Christianity has lost its meaning for me. The old myths of heaven and hell no longer influence me. But if there were a hell I should dread it little, for there could be no hell worse than those hours I spent in the hotel. A little room, baking in the noonday heat. You know these hotel rooms in the tropics—only a bed and a table and a chair. Nothing on the table but a watch and an automatic. Sitting on the chair in front of the table a man staring at the watch and the pistol—a man who ate nothing, drank nothing, did not even smoke, but sat without stirring as he looked at the dial of his watch and saw the second hand making its unending circuit. That was how I spent the day, waiting, waiting, waiting. And yet, for all that I was motionless, I was still like the Malay running amuck or like a rabid dog, pursuing my frenzied course to destruction.

“Well, I won’t make any further attempt to describe those hours. Enough to say that I don’t understand how anyone can live through such a time and keep reasonably sane.

“At twenty-two minutes past three (my eyes were still glued to the watch) there came a knock at the door. A native youngster with a folded scrap of paper—no envelope. I snatched it from him and he was gone before I had time to tear open the note. Then, to begin with, I could not read the brief message. Here was her reply at last and the words ran together before my eyes ! They conveyed no meaning to me. I had to dip my head in cold water and calm my agitation before my senses cleared and I could grasp the meaning of the penciled English.

“ ‘Too late 1 Still, you’d better stay at the hotel. Perhaps I shall have to send for you in the end.’

“There was no signature on the crumpled page, a blank half-sheet torn from a prospectus or something of the kind. The writing was unsteady, perhaps from agitation, perhaps because it had been written in a moving carriage. How could I tell? All I knew was that anxiety, haste, horror, seemed to cling to it; that it gripped me profoundly; and yet that I was glad, for at least she had written to me. I was to keep alive, for she might need me, she might let me help her after all. I lost myself in the maddest conjectures and hopes. I read the curt words again and again ; I kissed them repeatedly; I grew calmer, and passed into a stage betwixt sleep and waking when time no longer had any meaning—coma vigil is what we doctors call it.

“This must have lasted for hours. Dusk was at hand when I came to myself with a start, so it was certainly near six o’clock. Had there been another knock? I listened intently. Then it was unmistakable—a knocking, gentle yet insistent. Unsteady (for I felt giddy and faint) I sprang to the door. There in the passage stood the China boy. It was still light enough to show me, not only the traces of my rough handling, not only black eyes and a bruised chin, but that his yellow face was ashen pale.

“‘Master, come quickly.’ That was all.

“I ran downstairs, the boy at my heels. A gharry was waiting and we jumped in.

“ ‘What has happened?’ I asked, as the man drove off without further orders.

“The boy looked at me, his lips twitched, but he said never a word. I repeated my question; still he was silent. I felt angry enough to strike him once more ; yet I was touched by his devotion to his mistress and so I kept myself in hand. If he wouldn’t speak, he wouldn’t ; that was all.

“The gharryman was flogging his ponies, driving so furiously that people had to jump out of the way to avoid being run over. The streets were thronged, for we had left the European settlement and were on our way through the Javanese and Malay town into the Chinese quarter. Here the gharry drew up in a narrow alley, in front of a tumbledown house. It was a sordid place, a little shop in front, lighted by a tallow candle; the attached dwelling was an unsavory hotel—one of those opium-dens, brothels, thieves’ kitchens or receivers’ stores, such as are run by the worst sort of Chinese in all the big cities of the East.

“The boy knocked at the door. It opened for an inch or two and a tedious parley ensued. Impatiently I, too, jumped out of the gharry, put my shoulder to the door, forced it open—an elderly Chinese woman fled before me with a shriek. I dashed along a passage, the boy after me, to another door. Opening this, I found myself in a dim interior, reeking of brandy and of blood. Someone was groaning. I could make out nothing in the gloom, but I groped my way towards the sound.”

Another pause. When he spoke again, it was with sobs almost as much as with words.

“I groped my way towards the sound—and there she was, lying on a strip of dirty matting, twisted with pain, sighing and groaning. I could not see her face,, so dark was the room. Stretching out my hand, I found hers, which was burning hot. She was in a high fever. I shuddered as I realized what had happened. She had come to this foul den in quest of the service I had refused, had sought out a Chinese midwife, hoping in this way to find the secrecy she no longer trusted me to observe. Rather than place herself in my care, she had come to the old witch I had seen in the passage, and had herself mauled by a bungler—because I had behaved like a madman, had so grievously affronted her that she thought it better to take any risks rather than to let me give the aid which, to begin with, I had only been willing to grant on monstrous terms.

“I shouted for light, and that detestable beldame brought a stinking and smoky kerosene lamp. I should have liked to strangle her— but what good would that have done? She put the lamp down on the table; and now, in its yellow glare, I could see the poor, martyred body.

“Then, of a sudden, the fumes were lifted from my brain. No longer half-crazed, I forgot my anger and even for the time forgot the evil mood that had brought us to this pass. Once more I was the doctor, the man of skill and knowledge, to whom there had come an urgent call to use them for the best advantage of a suffering fellow mortal. I forgot my wretched self and with

reawakened intelligence I was ready to do battle with the forces of destruction.

“I passed my hands over the nude body which so recently I had lusted for. Now it had become the body of my patient and was nothing more. I saw in it only the seat of a Life at grips with death, only the form of one writhing in torment. Her blood on my hands was not horrible to me, now that I was again the expert upon whose coolness everything turned. I saw, as an expert, the greatness of her danger...

“I saw, indeed, that all was lost, short of a miracle. She had been so mishandled that her life-blood was rapidly draining away. And what was there, in this filthy hovel, which I could make use of in the hope of stanching the flow? Everything I looked at, everything I touched was besoiled. Not even a clean basin and clean water!

“ 'We must have you removed to hospital instantly,' I said. Thereupon, torture of mind superadded to torture of body, she writhed protestingly.

“ 'No,' she whispered, 'no, no. I would rather die. No one must know. No one must know. Take me home, home!'

“I understood. Her reputation was more to her than her life. I understood and I obeyed. The boy fetched a litter. We lifted her on to it and then carried her, half-dead, home through the night. Ignoring the terrified questions and

exclamations of the servants, we took her to her room. Then began the struggle ; the prolonged and futile struggle with death.

He clutched my arm, so that it was hard not to shout from surprise and pain. His face was so close that I could see the white gleam of teeth and the pale sheen of spectacle-glasses in the starlight. He spoke with such intensity, with such fierce wrath, that his voice assailed me like something betwixt a hiss and a shriek.

“You, a stranger I have never glimpsed in the daylight, you who are (I suppose) touring the world at your ease, do you know what it is to see someone die? Have you ever sat by anyone in the death agony, seen the body twisting in the last wrestle and the blue finger-nails clawing at vacancy ; heard the rattle in the throat ; watched the inexpressible horror in the eyes of the dying? Have you ever had that terrible experience—^you, an idler, a globe-trotter, who can talk so glibly about one’s duty to help?

“I have seen it often enough as a doctor, have studied death as a clinical happening. Once only have I experienced it in the full sense of the term. Once only have I lived with another and died with another. Once only, during that ghastly vigil a few nights ago when I sat cudgeling my brains for some way of stopping the flow of blood, some means of cooling the fever which was consuming her before my eyes, some method of staving off imminent death.

“Do you understand what it is to be a doctor, thoroughly trained in the science and practice of medicine, and (as you sagely remark) one whose first duty is to help —and to sit powerless by the bedside of the dying; knowing, from all one’s knowledge, only one thing—that one can give no help? To feel the pulse as it flickers and fades? My hands were tied 1 I could not take her to the hospital, where something might have been done to give her a chance. I could not summon aid. I could only sit and watch her die, mumbling meaningless invocations like an old apple-woman at church, and next minute clenching my fists in impotent wrath against a non-existent deity.

“Can you understand? Can you understand? What I cannot understand is how one survives such hours, why one does not die with the dying, how one can get up next morning and clean one’s teeth and put on one’s necktie; how one can go on living in the ordinary way after feeling what I had felt, for the first time, that one I would give anything and everything to save was slipping away, some-whither, beyond recall.

“There was an additional torment. As I sat beside the bed (I had given her an injection of morphine to ease the pain and she lay quiet now with cheeks ashen pale), I felt the unceasing tension of a fixed gaze boring into my back. The China boy was sitting cross-legged on the floor, murmuring prayers in his own tongue. Whenever I glanced at him, he raised his eyes imploringly to mine, like a hound dumbly beseeching aid. He lifted his hands as if in supplication to a god—lifted them to me, the impotent weakling who knew

that all was vain, that I was of no more use in that room than an insect running across the floor.

“It added to my torture, this petitioning of his, this fanatical conviction that my skill would enable me to save the woman whose life was ebbing as he looked on and prayed. I could have screamed at him and have trampled him under foot, so much did his eager expectancy hurt me; and yet I felt that he and I were bound together by our fondness for the dying woman and by the dread secret we shared.

“Like an animal at watch, he sat huddled up behind me; but the instant I wanted anything he was alert, eager to fetch it, hoping I had thought of something that might help even now. He would have given his own blood to save her life. I am sure of it. So would!. But what was the use of thinking of transfusion (even if I had had the instruments) when there were no means of arresting the flow of blood? It would only have prolonged her agony. But this China boy would have died for her, as would!. Such was the power she had. And I had not even the power to save her from bleeding to death!

“Towards daybreak she regained consciousness, awoke from the drugged sleep. She opened her eyes, which were no longer proud and cold. The heat of fever glowed in them as she looked round the room. Catching sight of me, she was puzzled for a moment and needed an effort to recall who this stranger was. Then she remembered. She regarded me at first, with enmity, waving her arms feebly as if to repel me and showing by her movements that she would have fled from me had she but had the strength. Then, collecting

her thoughts, she looked at me more calmly. Her breathing was labored; she tried to speak; she wanted to sit up, but was too weak. Begging her to desist, I leaned closer to her, so that I should be able to hear her lightest whisper. She regarded me piteously, her lips moved, and faint indeed was the whisper that came from them:

“ ‘No one will find out? No one?’

“ ‘No one,’ I responded, with heartfelt conviction. ‘No one shall ever know.’

“Her eyes were still uneasy. With a great effort she managed to breathe the words: “ ‘Swear that no one shall know. Swear it.’

“I raised my hand solemnly and murmured : ‘I pledge you my word.’

“She looked at me, weak though she was, cordially ... gratefully. Yes, despite all the harm I had done, she was grateful to me at the last, she smiled her thanks, A little later she tried to speak again, but was not equal to the exertion. Then she lay peacefully, with her eyes closed. Before daylight shone clearly into the room, all was over.”

A long silence. He had overcome the frenzy which had prompted him to seize me by the arm and had sunk back exhausted. The stars were paling when three bells struck. A fresh though gentle breeze was blowing as herald of the dawn that comes so quickly in the tropics. Soon I could see him plainly. He had taken off his cap, so that his face was exposed. It was

pinched with misery. He scanned me through his spectacles with some interest, to see what sort of a man was this stranger to whom he had been pouring out his heart. Then he went on with his story, speaking with a scornful intonation.

“For her, all was over; but not for me. I was alone with the corpse in a strange house ; in a town where (as in all such places) gossip runs like wildfire, and I had pledged my word that her secret should be kept! Consider the situation. Here was a woman moving in the best society of the colony and, to all seeming, in perfect health. She had danced the evening before last at Government House. Now she was dead and the only doctor who knew anything about the matter, the man who had sat by her while she died, was a chance visitor to the town, summoned to her bedside by one of the servants. This doctor and this servant had brought her home in a litter under cover of darkness and had kept everyone else out of the way. Not until morning did they call the other servants to tell them their mistress was dead. The news would be all over the town within an hour or two, and how was I, the doctor from an upcountry station, to account for the sudden death, for what I had done and for what I had failed to do? Why hadn’t I sent for one of my colleagues to share the responsibility? Why? ... Why? ... Why?

“I knew what lay before me. My only helper was the China boy ; but he, at any rate, was a devoted assistant, who realized that there was still a fight to be fought.

“I had said to him: ‘You understand, don’t you? Your mistress’s last wish was that no one shall know what has happened.’

“ ‘Sawee plenty. Master,’ he answered simply; and I knew that I could trust him.

“He washed the blood stains from the floor, set all to right as quickly as possible, and his fortitude sustained mine.

“Never before have I had so much concentrated energy, nor shall I ever have it again. When one has lost everything but a last remnant, one fights for that last remnant with desperate courage, with fierce resolution. The remnant for which I was fighting was her legacy to me, her secret. I was calm and self-assured in my reception of everyone who came, telling them the tale I had decided upon to account for the death. After all, people are used to sudden, grave, and fatal illness in the tropics; and the laity cannot openly question a doctor’s authoritative statements. I explained that the China boy, whom she had sent to fetch the doctor when she was taken ill, had chanced to meet me. But while talking thus to all and sundry with apparent composure, I was awaiting the one man who really mattered, the senior surgeon, who would have to inspect the body before burial could take place. It was Thursday morning and on Saturday the husband was coming back. Speedy burial is the rule in this part of the world; but the senior surgeon, not I, would have to sign the necessary certificates.

“At nine he was announced. I had sent for him, of course. He was my superior in rank and he bore me a grudge because of the local reputation I had acquired in the little matter of the Vice-Resident’s broken leg. This was the doctor of whom she had spoken so contemptuously, as good only for bridge. According to official routine my wish for a transfer would pass through his hands. No doubt the Vice-Resident had already mentioned it to him.

“The instant we met that morning, I guessed his enmity, but this only steeled me to my task.

“As soon as I came into the anti-room where he was waiting, he began the attack;“ ‘When did Madame Blank die?’

“‘At six this morning.’

“ ‘When did she send for you?’

“‘At nightfall yesterday.’

“ ‘Did you know that I was her regular professional attendant?’

“‘Yes.’

“ ‘Why didn’t you send for me, then?’

“ ‘There wasn’t time—and, besides, Madame Blank had put herself in my hands exclusively. In fact, she expressly forbade me to call in any other doctor.’

“He stared at me. His face flushed. Suppressing an angry retort, he said with assumed indifference;

“‘Well, even though you could get on without me so long as she was alive, you have fulfilled your official duty in sending for me now, and I must fulfill mine by verifying the death and ascertaining the cause.’

“ I made no answer, and let him lead the way to the death-chamber. As soon as we were there and before he could touch the body, I said: “‘It is not a question of ascertaining the cause of death, but of inventing a cause. Madame Blank sent for me to save her, if I could, from the consequences of an abortion, clumsily performed by a Chinese midwife. To save her life was impossible, but I pledged my word to save her reputation. I want you to help me.’

“He looked surprise.

“‘You actually want me, the senior surgeon of this province, to join you in concealing a crime?’

“

‘Yes, that is what I want you to do.’

“‘In fact,’ he said with a sneer, ‘I am to help in the hushing-up of a crime you have committed.’

“‘I have given you to understand that, as far as Madame Blank is concerned, all I have done is to try to save her from the consequences of her own indiscretion and someone else’s crime (if you want to insist on the word) . Had I been the culprit, I should not be alive at this hour. She has herself paid the extreme penalty, and the miserable bungler who procured the abortion really does not matter one way or the other. You cannot punish the criminal without tarnishing the dead woman’s reputation, and that I will not suffer.’

“ ‘You will not suffer it? You talk to me as if you were my official chief, instead of my being yours. You dare to order me about. I had already surmised there must be something queer when you were summoned from your nook in the backwoods. A fine beginning you’ve made of it with your attempt to interlope here. Well, all that remains for me is to make my own investigation, and I can assure you that I shall report exactly what I find. I’m not going to put my name to a false certificate ; you needn’t think so !’

“‘I was imperturbable.

“ ‘You’ll have to, this once. If you don’t, you’ll never leave the room alive.’

“‘I put my hand in my pocket. The pistol was not there (I had left it in my room at the hotel), but the bluff worked. He drew back in alarm; whereupon

I made a step forward and said, with a calculated mingling of threat and conciliation

“ ‘Look here I shall be sorry to go to extremes, but you’d better understand that I don’t value either my life or yours at a single stiver. I’m so far through that there’s only one thing in the world left for me to care about, and that’s the keeping of my promise to this dead woman that the manner of her death shall remain secret. I give you my word that if you sign a certificate to the effect that she died of—^what shall we say?—a sudden access of malignant tropical fever with hyperpyrexia, leading to heart failure—that will sound plausible enough—if you do this, I will leave the Indies within a week. I will, if you like, put a bullet through my head as soon as she is buried and I can be sure that no one (understand, no one) can make any further examination. That should satisfy- you. In fact, it must satisfy you.^

“My voice, my whole aspect, must have been menacing, for he was cowed. Whenever I advanced a little he retreated, showing that uncontrollable fear with which people flee from a man brandishing a blood-stained kris, a man who is running amuck. He wilted visibly and changed his tone. He was no longer the adamantine official, standing invincibly upon punctilio.

“Still, with a last vestige of resistance, he murmured:

“‘Never in my life have I signed a false certificate. Perhaps there would be no question raised if I were to word the document as you suggest. It is perfectly clear to me, however, that I ought not to do anything of the kind.’

“Of course you “ought not,” judging by conventional standards,’ I rejoined, wishing to help him to save his face. ‘But this is a special case. When you know that the disclosure of the truth can only bring grievous suffering to a living man and blast the reputation of a dead woman, why hesitate?’

“He nodded. We sat down together at the table. Amicable enough now to all seeming, we concocted the certificate which was the basis of the account of the matter published in next day’s newspaper. Then he stood up and looked at me searchingly:

“‘You’ll sail for Europe by the next boat, won’t you?’

“‘Of course I I’ve pledged you my word.’

“He continued to stare at me. I saw that he wanted to be strict and businesslike and that the task was hard. It was as much in the endeavor to hide his embarrassment as from any wish to convey information that he said:

“Blank was going home with his wife immediately after his arrival from Yokohama. I expect the poor fellow will want to take his wife’s body back to her people in England. He’s a wealthy man, you know, and the rich can indulge these fancies. I shall order the coffin instantly, and have it lined with sheet lead so that it can be sealed. That will get over immediate difficulties and he will know that in this sweltering heat there was no possibility of awaiting his appearance on the scene. Even if he thinks we’ve been

precipitate, he won't venture to say so. We're officials and he's only a merchant after all, though he could buy us both up and never miss the money. Besides, we're acting as we do to save him needless pain.'

"My enemy of a few minutes was now my acknowledged confederate. Well, he knew he was soon going to be rid of me for ever ; and he had to justify himself to himself. But what he did next was utterly unexpected.

He shook me warmly by the hand 1 "I hope you'll soon be all right again,' he said.

"What on earth did he mean? Was I ill? Was I mad? I opened the door for him ceremoniously and bade him farewell. There with my energies ran down. The room swam round me and I collapsed beside her bed as the frenzied Malay collapses when he has run his murderous course and is at last shot down.

"I don't know how long I lay on the floor. At length there was a rustling noise, a movement in the room. I looked up. There stood the China boy, regarding me uneasily.

"Someone have come. Wanchee see Missis,' he said.

"You mustn't let anyone in.'

“‘But, Master ...’

‘He hesitated, looked at me timidly, and tried in vain to speak. The poor wretch was obviously suffering.

“‘Who is it?’

“He trembled like a dog in fear of a blow. He did not utter any name. A sense of delicacy rare in a native servant restrained him. He said simply

:

“ ‘B’long that man!’

“He did not need to be explicit. I knew instantly whom he meant. At the word I was all eagerness to see this unknown, whose very existence I had forgotten. For, strange as it may seem to you, after the first disclosure she had made to me and her rejection of my infamous proposal, I had completely put him out of my mind. Amid the hurry and anxiety and stress of what had happened since, it had actually slipped my memory that there was another man concerned in the affair, the man this woman had loved, the man to whom she had passionately given what she had refused to give me. The day before, I should have hated him, should have longed to tear him to pieces. Now I was eager to see him because I loved him ... yes, loved the man whom she had loved.

“With a bound I was in the ante-room. A young, very young, fair-haired officer was standing there, awkward and shy. He was pale and slender,

looking little more than a boy and yet touchingly anxious to appear manlike, calm and composed. His hand was trembling as he raised it in salute. I could have put my arms round him and hugged him, so perfectly did he fulfill my ideal of the man I should have wished to be this woman's lover—not a self-confident seducer, but a tender stripling to whom she had thought fit to give herself.

“He stood before me, abashed. My sudden apparition, my eager scrutiny, increased his embarrassment. His face puckered slightly and it was plain that he was on the verge of tears.

“‘I don't want to push in,’ he said at length, 'but I should like so much to see Madame Blank once more.’

“Scarcely aware of what I was doing, I put an arm round the young fellow's shoulders and guided him towards the door. He looked at me with astonishment but with gratitude as well. At this instant we had an indubitable sense of fellowship. We went together to the bedside. She lay there; all but the head, shoulders and arms hidden by the white linen. Feeling that my closeness must be distasteful to him, I withdrew to a distance. Suddenly he collapsed, as I had done; sank to his knees and, no longer ashamed to show his emotions, burst into tears.

“What could I say? Nothing!

“What could I do? I raised him to his feet and led him to the sofa. There we sat side by side; and, to soothe him, I gently stroked his soft, blond hair. He took my hand in his and pressed it affectionately. Then he said:

“‘Tell me the whole truth, Doctor. She didn’t kill herself, did she?’

“‘No,’ I answered.

“‘Then is anyone else to blame for her death?’

“‘No,’ I said once more, although from within was welling up the answer :
‘I, I, I ... and you. The two of us. We are to blame. We two ... and her unhappy pride.’

“But I kept the words unuttered, and was content to say yet again:

“‘No 1 No one was to blame. It was her doom.’

“‘I can’t realize it,’ he groaned. ‘It seems incredible. The night before last she was at the ball; she nodded to me and smiled. How could it happen? How did she come to die so unexpectedly, so swiftly?’

“I told him a string of falsehoods. Even from her lover I must keep the secret. We spent that day and the next and the next together in brotherly converse, both aware (though we did not give the knowledge voice) that our lives were intertwined by our relationship to the dead woman. Again and

again I found it hard to keep my own counsel, but I did so. He never learned that she had been with child by him ; that she had come to me to have the fruit of their love destroyed ; and that, after my refusal, she had taken the step which had ended her own life as well. Yet we talked of nothing but her during those days when I was hidden in his quarters. I had forgotten to tell you that! They were searching for me. Her husband had arrived after the coffin had been closed. He was suspicious ... all sorts of rumors were afoot ... and he wanted my account of the matter at first hand. But I simply couldn't endure the thought of meeting him, the man through whom I knew she had suffered; so I hid myself and during those four days I never left the house. Her lover took a passage for me under a false name, and late at night I went on board the boat bound for Singapore. I left everything, all my possessions, the work I had done in the last seven years. My house stood open to anyone who chose to enter it. No doubt the authorities have already erased my name from the list of their officials as 'absent without leave.' But I could not go on living in that house, that town, that world, where everything reminded me of her. If I fled like a thief in the night it was to escape her, to forget her.

“Vain was the attempt ! When I came on board at midnight, my friend with me to see me off, a great, oblong, brass-bound chest was being hoisted on board by the crane, It was her coffin, her coffin! It had followed me, just as I had followed her down from the hills to the coast. I could make no sign, I had to look on unheeding, for her husband was there too. He was on his way to England. Perhaps he means to have the coffin opened when he gets there; to have a post-mortem made; to find out Anyhow, he has taken her back to

him, has snatched her away from us ; she belongs to him now, not to us. At Singapore, where I transshipped to this

German mail-boat, the coffin was transshipped as well; and he is here too, her husband. But I am still watching over her and shall watch over her to the end. He shall never learn her secret, I shall defend her to the last against the man to escape whom she went to her death. He shall learn nothing, nothing. Her secret belongs to me and to no one else in the world.

“Do you understand? Do you understand why I keep out of the other passengers’ way, why I cannot bear to hear them laugh and chatter, to watch their foolish flirtations ... When I know that deep down in the hold, among the tea-chests and the cases of Brazil nuts, her body lies? I can’t get near it, for the hatches are closed; but I feel its nearness by day and by night, when the passengers are tramping up and down the promenade deck or dancing merrily in the saloon. It is stupid of me, I know. The sea ebbs and flows above millions of corpses and the dead are rotting beneath every spot where one sets foot on land. All the same, I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it when they dance and laugh in this ship which is taking her body home. I know what she expects of me. There is still something left for me to do; Her secret is not yet safe; and, until it is safe, my pledge to her will be unfulfilled.”

From amidships there came splashing and scraping noises. The sailors were swabbing the decks. He started at the sound and jumped to his feet.

“I must be going,” he murmured.

He was a distressing sight, with his careworn expression and his eyes reddened by weeping and by drink. He had suddenly become distant in his manner. Obviously he was regretting his loquacity, was ashamed of himself for having opened his heart to me as he had done. Wishing to be friendly, however, I said:

“Won’t you let me pay you a visit in your cabin this afternoon?”

A smile ... mocking, harsh, comical ...twisted his lips; and when he answered, after a momentary hesitation, it was with appropriate emphasis.

“Ah, yes, ‘it’s one’s duty to help.’ That’s your favorite maxim, isn’t it? Your use of it a few hours ago, when you caught me in a weak moment, has loosened my tongue finely! Thank you for your good intentions, but I’d rather be left to myself. Don’t imagine, either, that I feel any better for having turned myself inside out before you and for having shown you my very entrails. My life has been tom to shreds and no one can patch it together again, I have gained nothing by working in the Dutch colonial service for seven years. My pension has gone *phut* and I am returning to Germany a pauper ... like a dog that slinks behind a coffin. A man cannot run amuck without paying for it. In the end, he is shot down; and I hope that for me the end will come soon. I’m obliged to you for proposing to call, but I’ve the best of companions to prevent my feeling lonely in my cabin ... aplenty of bottles of excellent whisky. They’re a great consolation. Then there’s another old friend and my only regret is that I didn’t make use of it soon instead of late. My automatic, I mean, which will in the end be better for my

soul than any amount of open confession. So I won't trouble you to call, if you don't mind. Among the 'rights of man' there is a right which no one can take away, the right to croak when and where and how one pleases, without a 'helping hand.' ”

He looked at me scornfully and with a challenging air, but I knew that at bottom his feeling was one of shame, infinite shame- Saying no word of farewell, he turned on his heel, and slouched off in the direction of the cabins. I never saw him again, though I visited the fore-deck several times after midnight. So completely did he vanish that I might have thought myself the victim of hallucination had I not noticed among the other passengers a man wearing a crape armlet, a Dutchman, I was told, whose wife had recently died of tropical fever. He walked apart, holding converse with no one, and was melancholy of mien. Watching him, I was distressed by the feeling that I was aware of his secret trouble. When my path crossed his, I turned my face away, lest he should divine from my expression that I knew more about his fate than he did himself.

In Naples harbor occurred the accident which was explicable to me in the light of the stranger's tale. Most of the passengers were, as I have said, ashore at the time. I had been to the opera and had then supped in one of the brightly lit cafes in the *Via Roma*. As I was being rowed back to the steamer, I noticed that there was a commotion going on round the gangway, boats moving to and fro and men in them holding torches and acetylene lamps as they scanned the water. On deck there were several *Carabinieri*, talking in low tones. I asked one of the deck-hands what was the matter. .He answered

evasively, so that it was obvious he had been told to be discreet. Next morning, too, when we were steaming towards Genoa, I found it impossible to glean any information. But at Genoa, in an Italian newspaper, I read a high-flown account of what had happened that night at Naples.

Under cover of darkness, it appeared, to avoid disquieting the passengers, a coffin from the Dutch Indies was being lowered into a boat. It contained the body of a lady; and her husband (who was taking it home for burial; was already waiting in the boat. Something heavy had, when the coffin was half-way down the ship's side, dropped on it from the upper deck, carrying it away, so that it fell with a crash into the boat, which instantly capsized. The coffin, being lined with lead, sank. Fortunately there had been no loss of life, for no one had been struck by the falling coffin, and the widower, together with the other persons in the boat, had been rescued, though not without difficulty.

What had caused the accident? One story, said the reporter, was that a lunatic had jumped overboard and in his fall had wrenched the coffin from its lashings. Perhaps the story of the falling body had been invented to cover up the remissness of those responsible for lowering the coffin, who had used tackle that was too weak, so that the lead-weighted box had broken away of itself. Anyhow, the officers were extremely reticent.

In another part of the paper was a brief notice to the effect that the body of an unknown man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, had been picked up in Naples harbor. There was a bullet-wound in the head.

No one connected this with the accident which occurred when the coffin was being lowered. Before my own eyes, however, as I read the brief paragraphs, there loomed from the printed page the ghostly countenance of the unhappy man whose story I have here set down.

Canadiana

Confederation Bridge Proposal by Patrick Bruskiewich

1.0 Introduction

[Vancouver, March 6th, 2016] Here is a brief description of the *Confederation Bridge Project for British Columbia*:

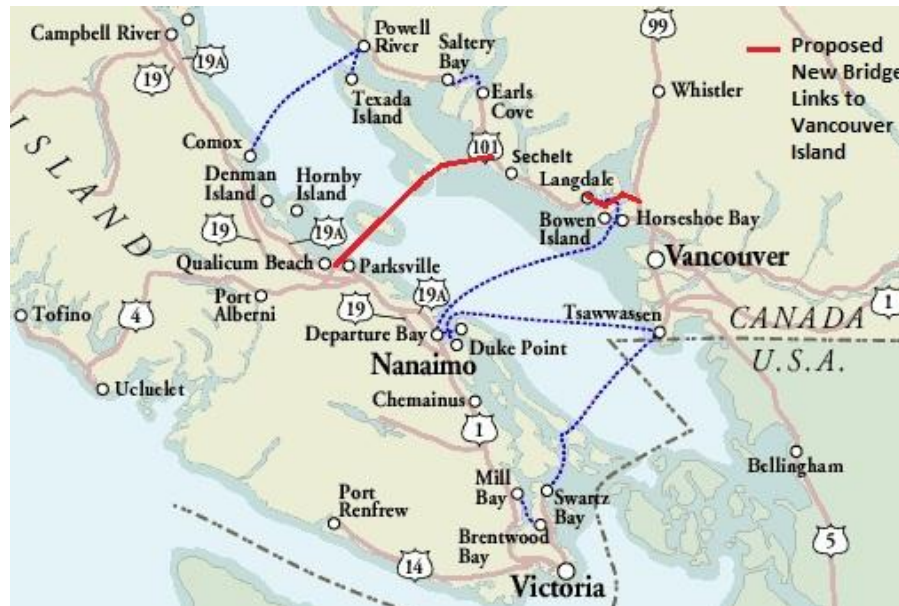
The last bit of nation building in the east-west linking of Canada is a bridge to Vancouver Island.

The proposal is outlined to link the Sea-to-Sky highway to Vancouver Island by first building a bridge to the Sun-Shine coast just north of Bowen Island, then to use the existing highway system until just adjacent to Texada Island. From there to build a series of smaller bridges to island hop from the British Columbia Main land to Vancouver Island to Parksville. The existing Vancouver Island highway then completes the project.

The estimated cost for this project is \$ 6 billion and will take five to six years to complete.

If this project is given top priority it could be completed by 2017, the 150th anniversary of the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

Perhaps it can be called the Queen Victoria Bridge in honour of the sovereign who granted Royal Approval to the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.



Proposed Route for the Confederation Bridge Proposal

2.0 Bridge Types – The PEI/New Brunswick Link

The Government of Canada has experience building large span bridges. For example there is the *Confederation Bridge* joining Borden-Carleton on Prince Edward Island to Cape Jourimain in New Brunswick across the Abegweit Passage of Northumberland Strait. Constructed from October 1993 and completed in May 1997, the 12.9 kilometre long bridge cost \$ 1.3 Billion (in 1997 dollars). The PEI-New Brunswick link is a multi-span post-tensioned concrete box girder design with the longest span being 250 metres.

3.0 Bridge Types – 2017 Confederation Bridge BC

A broad study of the design requirements for a link between the BC Mainland and Vancouver Island is broadly the following:

Using a multi-span post-tensioned concrete box girder design with the longest span being 250 metres, three bridge designs will be needed:

- Design One: A 5.3 Km design
- Design Two: a 9.0 km design and
- Design Three: a 12.9 km design.

The three designs will be used in the following fashion:

Bridge	Description	Length (km)	Type
One	The Sea to Sky Highway to North End of Bowen Island	5.3	Design One
Two	North End Bowen Island to Gibsons (over Keats Island).	9.0	Design Two
Three	North of Secret Cove on Sunshine Coast Highway to South End of Texada Island	9.0	Design Two
Four	South End of Texada Island to South End of Lasqueti Island	5.3	Design One
Five	South End of Lasqueti Island to North Side of Parksville	13.0	Design Three
	Total Bridge Length	41.6	

4.0 Additional Design Recommendations

In keeping with efforts to mitigate greenhouse gas production it is recommended that the following design criteria be considered.

- High Speed electric rail service from Vancouver to Victoria over the route
- Built up electrical power generation Islands with base for Wind Turbines on the Keats Island, Texada Island and Lasqueti Island portions of the project (and only these portions).

Wherever possible advanced science and technology should be used on this project with a view that it should have a lifetime in excess of 100 years.

5.0 Costs and Finances – The BC Carbon Tax

The estimate cost for this project in 2016 dollars is \$ 6.0 Billion (CDN) with economies of scale applied where ever possible.

The *BC Carbon Tax* was established in 2008 with the intent to use the taxes collected to mitigate greenhouse gases. It appears that this tax has been used for purposes other than that intended. Over the past eight years it is estimated that upwards of \$ 1.0 billion has been collected with the *BC Carbon Tax*.

It is recommended that over the life of the construction phase of this project that all funds collected by the *BC Carbon Tax* be allocated solely towards this project by the BC Government.

It is recommended that the financing for this project is divided equitably between the following stakeholders:

- The Government of Canada (1/3 share)
- The BC Government (1/3 share)
- Private and Public Funds (1/3 share).

6.0 Planning Governance of Five

A Board of five representatives appears sufficient for such a project, one each from the Federal, Provincial and public/Private Funds, one representing the engineering firms and one representing the construction firms involved in this project.

Detected by the Camera by Lucy M. Montgomery (1897)

One summer I was attacked by the craze for amateur photography. It became chronic afterwards, and I and my camera have never since been parted. We have had some odd adventures together, and one of the most novel of our experiences was that in which we played the part of chief witness against Ned Brooke.

I may say that my name is Amy Clarke, and that I believe I am considered the best amateur photographer in our part of the country. That is all I need tell you about myself.

Mr. Carroll had asked me to photograph his place for him when the apple orchards were in bloom. He has a picturesque old-fashioned country house behind a lawn of the most delightful old trees and flanked on each side by the orchards. So I went one June afternoon, with all my accoutrements, prepared to "take" the Carroll establishment in my best style.

Mr. Carroll was away but was expected home soon, so we waited for him, as all the family wished to be photographed under the big maple at the front door. I prowled around among the shrubbery at the lower end of the lawn and, after a great deal of squinting from various angles, I at last fixed upon the spot from which I thought the best view of the house might be obtained. Then Gertie and Lilian Carroll and I got into the hammocks and swung at our leisure, enjoying the cool breeze sweeping through the maples.

Ned Brooke was hanging around as usual, watching us furtively. Ned was one of the hopeful members of a family that lived in a tumble-down shanty just across the road from the Carrolls. They were wretchedly poor, and old Brooke, as he was called, and Ned were employed a good deal by Mr. Carroll—more out of charity than anything else, I fancy.

The Brookes had a rather shady reputation. They were notoriously lazy, and it was suspected that their line of distinction between their own and their neighbours' goods was not very clearly drawn. Many people censured Mr. Carroll for encouraging them at all, but he was too kind-hearted to let them suffer actual want and, as a consequence, one or the other of them was always dodging about his place.

Ned was a lank, tow-headed youth of about fourteen, with shifty, twinkling eyes that could never look you straight in the face. His appearance was anything but prepossessing, and I always felt, when I looked at him, that if anyone wanted to do a piece of shady work by proxy, Ned Brooke would be the very lad for the business.

Mr. Carroll came at last, and we all went down to meet him at the gate. Ned Brooke also came shuffling along to take the horse, and Mr. Carroll tossed the reins to him and at the same time handed a pocketbook to his wife.

"Just as well to be careful where you put that," he said laughingly. "There's a sum in it not to be picked up on every gooseberry bush. Gilman Harris paid me this morning for that bit of woodland I sold him last fall—five hundred

dollars. I promised that you and the girls should have it to get a new piano, so there it is for you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Carroll delightedly. "However, you'd better put it back in your pocket till we go in. Amy is in a hurry."

Mr. Carroll took back the pocketbook and dropped it carelessly into the inside pocket of the light overcoat that he wore.

I happened to glance at Ned Brooke just then, and I could not help noticing the sudden crafty, eager expression that flashed over his face. He eyed the pocketbook in Mr. Carroll's hands furtively, after which he went off with the horse in a great hurry.

The girls were exclaiming and thanking their father, and nobody noticed Ned Brooke's behaviour but myself, and it soon passed out of my mind.

"Come to take the place, are you, Amy?" said Mr. Carroll. "Well, everything is ready, I think. I suppose we'd better proceed. Where shall we stand? You had better group us as you think best."

Whereupon I proceeded to arrange them in due order under the maple. Mrs. Carroll sat in a chair, while her husband stood behind her. Gertie stood on the steps with a basket of flowers in her hand, and Lilian was at one side. The two little boys, Teddy and Jack, climbed up into the maple, and little

Dora, the dimpled six-year-old, stood gravely in the foreground with an enormous grey cat hugged in her chubby arms.

It was a pretty group in a pretty setting, and I thrilled with professional pride as I stepped back for a final, knowing squint at it all. Then I went to my camera, slipped in the plate, gave them due warning and took off the cap.

I took two plates to make sure and then the thing was over, but as I had another plate left I thought I might as well take a view of the house by itself, so I carried my camera to a new place and had just got everything ready to lift the cap when Mr. Carroll came down and said:

"If you girls want to see something pretty, come to the back field with me. That will wait till you come back, won't it, Amy?"

So we all betook ourselves to the back field, a short distance away, where Mr. Carroll proudly displayed two of the prettiest little Jersey cows I had ever seen.

We returned to the house by way of the back lane and, as we came in sight of the main road, my brother Cecil drove up and said that if I were ready, I had better go home with him and save myself a hot, dusty walk.

The Carrolls all went down to the fence to speak to Cecil, but I dashed hurriedly down through the orchard, leaped over the fence into the lawn and ran to the somewhat remote corner where I had left my camera. I was in a

desperate hurry, for I knew Cecil's horse did not like to be kept waiting, so I never even glanced at the house, but snatched off the cap, counted two and replaced it.

Then I took out my plate, put it in the holder and gathered up my traps. I suppose I was about five minutes at it all and I had my back to the house the whole time, and when I laid all my things ready and emerged from my retreat, there was nobody to be seen about the place.

As I hurried up through the lawn, I noticed Ned Brooke walking at a smart pace down the lane, but the fact did not make any particular impression on me at the time, and was not recalled until afterwards.

Cecil was waiting for me, so I got in the buggy and we drove off. On arriving home I shut myself up in my dark room and proceeded to develop the first two negatives of the Carroll housestead. They were both excellent, the first one being a trifle the better, so that I decided to finish from it. I intended also to develop the third, but just as I finished the others, a half-dozen city cousins swooped down upon us and I had to put away my paraphernalia, emerge from my dark retreat and fly around to entertain them.

The next day Cecil came in and said:

"Did you hear, Amy, that Mr. Carroll has lost a pocketbook with five hundred dollars in it?"

"No!" I exclaimed. "How? When? Where?"

"Don't overwhelm a fellow. I can answer only one question—last night. As to the 'how,' they don't know, and as to the 'where'—well, if they knew that, there might be some hope of finding it. The girls are in a bad way. The money was to get them their longed-for piano, it seems, and now it's gone."

"But how did it happen, Cecil?"

"Well, Mr. Carroll says that Mrs. Carroll handed the pocketbook back to him at the gate yesterday, and he dropped it in the inside pocket of his overcoat—"

"I saw him do it," I cried.

"Yes, and then, before he went to be photographed, he hung his coat up in the hall. It hung there until the evening, and nobody seems to have thought about the money, each supposing that someone else had put it carefully away. After tea Mr. Carroll put on the coat and went to see somebody over at Netherby. He says the thought of the pocketbook never crossed his mind; he had forgotten all about putting it in that coat pocket. He came home across the fields about eleven o'clock and found that the cows had broken into the clover hay, and he had a great chase before he got them out. When he went in, just as he entered the door, the remembrance of the money flashed over him. He felt in his pocket, but there was no pocketbook there; he asked his wife if she had taken it out. She had not, and nobody else had.

There was a hole in the pocket, but Mr. Carroll says it was too small for the pocketbook to have worked through. However, it must have done so — unless someone took it out of his pocket at Netherby, and that is not possible, because he never had his coat off, and it was in an inside pocket. It's not likely that they will ever see it again. Someone may pick it up, of course, but the chances are slim. Mr. Carroll doesn't know his exact path across the fields, and if he lost it while he was after the cows, it's a bluer show still. They've been searching all day, of course. The girls are awfully disappointed."

A sudden recollection came to me of Ned Brooke's face as I had seen it the day before at the gate, coupled with the remembrance of seeing him walking down the lane at a quick pace, so unlike his usual shambling gait, while I ran through the lawn.

"How do they know it was lost?" I said. "Perhaps it was stolen before Mr. Carroll went to Netherby."

"They think not," said Cecil. "Who would have stolen it?"

"Ned Brooke. I saw him hanging around. And you never saw such a look as came over his face when he heard Mr. Carroll say there was five hundred dollars in that pocketbook."

"Well, I did suggest to them that Ned might know something about it, for I remembered having seen him go down the lane while I was waiting for you,

but they won't hear of such a thing. The Brookes are kind of protégés of theirs, you know, and they won't believe anything bad of them. If Ned did take it, however, there's not a shadow of evidence against him."

"No, I suppose not," I answered thoughtfully, "but the more I think it over, the more I'm convinced that he took it. You know, we all went to the back field to look at the Jerseys, and all that time the coat was hanging there in the hall, and not a soul in the house. And it was just after we came back that I saw Ned scuttling down the lane so fast."

I mentioned my suspicions to the Carrolls a few days afterwards, when I went down with the photographs, and found that they had discovered no trace of the lost pocketbook. But they seemed positively angry when I hinted that Ned Brooke might know more about its whereabouts than anyone else. They declared that they would as soon think of suspecting one of themselves as Ned, and altogether they seemed so offended at my suggestion that I held my peace and didn't irritate them by any more suppositions.

Afterwards, in the excitement of our cousins' visit, the matter passed out of my mind completely. They stayed two weeks, and I was so busy the whole time that I never got a chance to develop that third plate and, in fact, I had forgotten all about it.

One morning soon after they went away, I remembered the plate and decided to go and develop it. Cecil went with me, and we shut ourselves up in our den, lit our ruby lantern and began operations. I did not expect much of the

plate, because it had been exposed and handled carelessly, and I thought that it might prove to be underexposed or light-struck. So I left Cecil to develop it while I prepared the fixing bath. Cecil was whistling away when suddenly he gave a tremendous "whew" of astonishment and sprang to his feet.

"Amy, Amy, look here!" he cried.

I rushed to his side and looked at the plate as he held it up in the rosy light. It was a splendid one, and the Carroll house came out clear, with the front door and the steps in full view.

And there, just in the act of stepping from the threshold, was the figure of a boy with an old straw hat on his head and—in his hand—the pocketbook!

He was standing with his head turned towards the corner of the house as if listening, with one hand holding his ragged coat open and the other poised in mid-air with the pocketbook, as if he were just going to put it in his inside pocket. The whole scene was as clear as noonday, and nobody with eyes in his head could have failed to recognize Ned Brooke.

"Goodness!" I gasped. "In with it—quick!"

And we doused the thing into the fixing bath and then sat down breathlessly and looked at each other.

"I say, Amy," said Cecil, "what a sell this will be on the Carrolls! Ned Brooke couldn't do such a thing—oh, no! The poor injured boy at whom everyone has such an unlawful pick! I wonder if this will convince them."

"Do you think they can get it all back?" I asked. "It's not likely he would have dared to use any of it yet."

"I don't know. We'll have a try, anyhow. How long before this plate will be dry enough to carry down to the Carrolls as circumstantial evidence?"

"Three hours or thereabouts," I answered, "but perhaps sooner. I'll take two prints off when it is ready. I wonder what the Carrolls will say."

"It's a piece of pure luck that the plate should have turned out so well after the slap-dash way in which it was taken and used. I say, Amy, isn't this quite an adventure?"

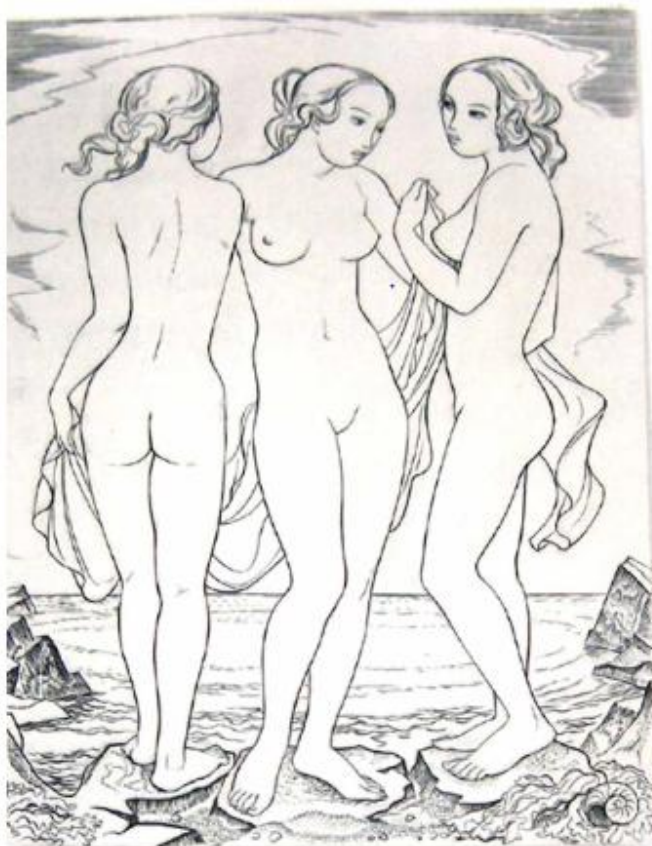
At last the plate was dry, and I printed two proofs. We wrapped them up carefully and marched down to Mr. Carroll's.

You never saw people so overcome with astonishment as the Carrolls were when Cecil, with the air of a statesman unfolding the evidence of some dreadful conspiracy against the peace and welfare of the nation, produced the plate and the proofs, and held them out before them.

Mr. Carroll and Cecil took the proofs and went over to the Brooke shanty. They found only Ned and his mother at home. At first Ned, when taxed with his guilt, denied it, but when Mr. Carroll confronted him with the proofs, he broke down in a spasm of terror and confessed all. His mother produced the pocketbook and the money—they had not dared to spend a single cent of it—and Mr. Carroll went home in triumph.

Perhaps Ned Brooke ought not to have been let off so easily as he was, but his mother cried and pleaded, and Mr. Carroll was too kind-hearted to resist. So he did not punish them at all, save by utterly discarding the whole family and their concerns. The place got too hot for them after the story came out, and in less than a month all moved away—much to the benefit of Mapleton.

A fine collection of Art Books



Atelier Press

A growing collection of titles available at Amazon

Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Prose

A Few Wise Words from Oxford University by Wing Wing

[**Oxford**] I have met a lot of brilliant and quirky people.

Oxford is a strange dimension.

It is a good size,

mostly walkable

and the weather has yet to get too grim.

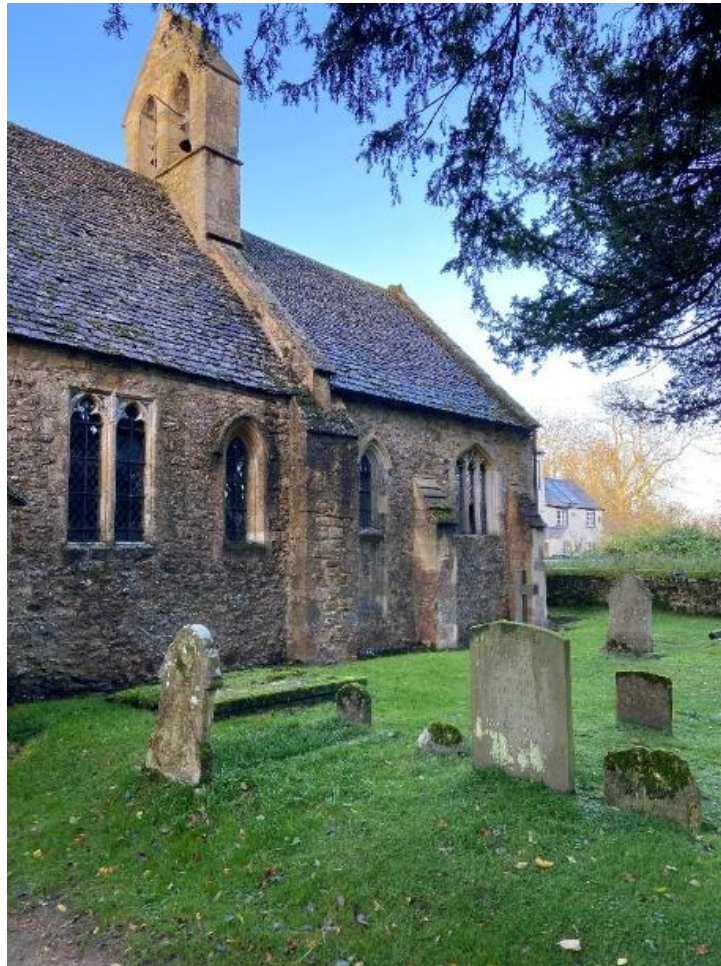
The streets glisten with the lively energy from students.

Everyone is friendly ...

I am trying to meet other people as well.

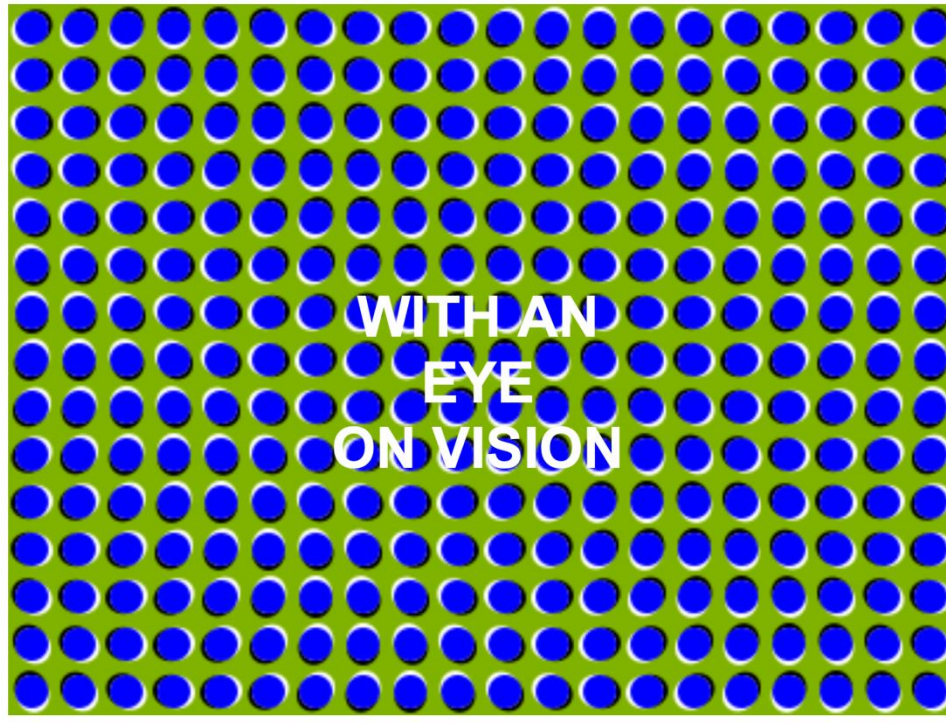


School is coming along,
I think I am surviving at the moment,
but I have a feeling
it will pick up really soon and hit me hard.



I am living with the philosophy though
that everything will be alright
as long as I try my best.

With An Eye on Vision by Gemma Crowe



[**Vancouver**] In the attention schema theory, consciousness depends on the nervous system processing information in a specific way. The key to the theory, and I suspect the key to any advanced intelligence, is attention—the ability of the brain to focus its limited resources on a restricted piece of the world at any one time in order to process it in greater depth. (Graziano 21).

Soul Windows

To focus visually, is to fix your gaze on a singular point. To pull focus on a camera lens is to make a specific point in the frame the clearest out of everything else. To be *focused*, as a state, means to give all of your attention

to one activity. Each case requires a narrowing down of the subject and isolating one, from more.

Peripheral vision is anything outside of that fixed gaze within your field of view. You can still see it, but it's not in focus (or, the focus).

Human vision began as a sense which produced a visceral response to stimuli, similar to our reaction to pain; initiating an immediate, involuntary action. What sets our sense of sight apart from other animals is how we process the visual information, which is concerned primarily with perception (Milner and Goodale 3). When we see, we judge. Objects in our focus are what we biologically deem to be most important.

The saccade is the most basic function of the eye. Information detected in the periphery signals a rapid, jump-like eye movement to bring the item to the center of the field of view. Saccades are reactive to stimulus but they are ultimately voluntary actions (Roger P.G. van Gompel, et al. 101).

The inability to control saccadic eye movement is linked to neurological conditions such as ADHD, Tourettes, Schizophrenia, Parkinson's Disease and Huntington's Disease. Researchers are now studying the eye to aid in diagnosis (111).

Peripheral and focused vision are processed differently; we don't see things in our periphery in quite the same way and we are programmed to seek more reputable identification via the focal point. Enough optical illusions exist to

support the fact that our brain fills gaps of information in our periphery to provide continuity in the environment. This creates potential misrepresentation. At the same time, Martial Artists use a technique called “anchoring the gaze” (Hausegger, Thomas, et al. *Journal of Sport & Exercise Psychology*), to maximize peripheral vision in order to detect an attack coming from any direction. Scientific research on peripheral vision seems to further our distrust, while empirical study allows us to benefit from this unique vision.

Of Mind and Matter

The most profound moments of discovery occur in moments when I am physically engaged. Life choices, analogies, visions and concepts come to me. They are not “realized” from a known theory applied to a new situation, they are born in that instant. It’s a different experience than driving down a point or analysing an issue. It is not the same as reading something and getting an idea. These are the results of focusing. It can only be described as brand new information drifting in from left field, usually changing everything. If the brain works as a system of connections, associations and points of reference, the thoughts we can’t trace become mystical (Deja Vu, “eureka” moments). We then want to figure out how they’ve come about, how to reproduce the experience and conjure another.

The way we see things speaks to the way we make sense of the world more than it refers to our literal sense of vision

I equate the magical drifting-in of new information to the concept of peripheral *thought* and as any cognitive processing outside of our central narrative, natural directives, or coherent train of thought. This too is processed differently as it's not quite as inaccessible as our subconscious, but swiftly evades the center of analysis, resisting definition.

....(incredulously) The idea came to me in the shower!

...I'm going for a walk to clear my head...

(but are you really trying to clear your head or are you trying to gain clarity)

....Studies show that you perform better if you chew gum while you take a test...

We share tips and tricks on how to maximize cognitive efforts. Capitalist objectives and colonial conditioning aside, we clearly consider our thoughts to be illusive, requiring a touch of superstitious reverence in the name of getting things done. The trouble is that we treat these tricks as a means to an end, while the exploratory nature of daydreaming is seen as idle and indulgent. Why are we reluctant to acknowledge the value in varied cognitive states?

In a recent study a team of researchers set out to chart how cognition changes over time. Participants were divided into groups with varied tasks demonstrating the regions of the brain involved over a period of time. The

study found that inevitably, thoughts will drift off-task, and stated that “off-task experiences are common in daily life, [suggesting that] they are an important feature of human cognition” (Turnbull, Adam, et al. *Scientific Reports*). My theory is that, over time, an activity will require less of our cognitive bandwidth and will allow new, partially formed, thoughts and ideas drift into our consciousness and exist there for longer, percolating, synthesizing.

Just as our eyes cannot bring more than one area into focus at once, we can’t focus our thinking on only one thought at a time (that’s why it’s called multitasking not multifocusing). Extraneous processing is still occurring in our minds and we are very aware of it, but we are not working with this material the same way as the thoughts in the foreground, yet.

Why do we keep the blinders on?

The periphery also refers to the site near edges, borders, and lines drawn. The periphery represents the transition to the Other. The hesitance and uncertainty we feel about what we can’t see clearly, is shared with that marked unknown. We equate sight with absolute knowing, in the sense that we can be blindsided, or that we didn’t “see ‘something’ coming.”

In the western world at least, being “focused,” as a state of being (cognitively, as task-oriented, career-wise, by way of a consistent lifestyle or coherent tastes etc.), is encouraged, admirable. We do one thing at a time and excel at it. We produce results more efficiently and without greater

consideration of how, or why we are doing it, or what else might be going on. We are obedient and single minded when we are focused. In the periphery, we might find something else more interesting, more enjoyable, or more important to us. We might see the greater scope of our task, the bigger picture, and might not accept our current trajectory. To be wholly engaged in one particular activity, rendering this; our focus, is a magical experience, one that changes our view (and the composition) of our world. This is focus as a by-product, a magnifying of our own volition, rather than a diligent dismissal of all-but. The way we understand focus, as a verb to force perspective is totalitarian and a myopic lifestyle is dangerous.

Idleness is not just a psychological necessity, requisite to the construction of a complete human being; it constitutes as well a kind of political space, a space as necessary to the workings of an actual democracy as, say, a free press. How does it do this? By allowing us time to figure out who we are, and what we believe; by allowing us time to consider what is unjust, and what we might do about it. By giving the inner life (in whose precincts we are most ourselves) its due. Which is precisely what makes idle-ness dangerous. All manner of things can grow out of that fallow soil (Slouka, "Quitting the Paint Factory").

Our mindset might be changing on the fringe, to welcome a more wholistic approach to our musings but the way our world is constructed means that if we're not producing results we aren't granted the same rewards or mobility. To truly incorporate this unfocused way of thinking and living, we have to

develop a whole new value system for ourselves and find new ways to participate in the societies we have no choice but to frequently encounter. Even as I share that this thought-processing feels like magic, I'm secretly patting myself on the back for being doubly productive and working through a new concept to put into my work or developing the thesis for a paper while I've done the laundry, made dinner, and emptied the dishwasher. The productivity element allows me to welcome the magic and I feel proud to share my hack. The evidence of efficiency might create the reward system I need to even acknowledge the magic.

Memory & Context

Our peripheral vision is constantly calculating objects in our view relative to the position of the head but “egocentric spatial coding [is] good for guiding action in the present but not for storing spatial information for use very far in the future (Milner and Goodale 46).” Because of its relativity, information from peripheral vision is coded into long-term memory complementarily, and primarily monitors the environment in relation to one's self.

Analysis is an essential step in committing things to memory. We must categorize the information, so that it can be catalogued into our memory. Peripheral thought processing, as it frames our experience, is also less likely to be cataloged into our memory. This is the complementary function of peripheral thinking: to enrich our main cognitive processing. Associations, fragmented ideas, distant memories, and in-progress concepts all exist outside of our target thought, but help to inform the information at the

forefront, coloring the environment while evading analysis, remaining magical and misunderstood.

How do we define sight, by clarity and identification? By this logic, the sense of sight only refers to bringing things into focus for classification and circumstantial judgement. Do we also use these parameters to validate our thoughts? The translation of thought into words we know, in conventional sentence structure, as a means of evaluation only gives us part of the picture, filtered as what we can write down (and confirm). The translation of stimulus in our periphery into an exact representation of reality also misses the point. Why would we charge this type of vision with absolute distinction when it serves as an intermediary of an emerging event. Processing peripheral vision bypasses the judgemental center and reports to more subjective systems. This is why appealing to the other senses can be so affecting, often the felt effect proceeds the interpretation of the consequences. With our other senses, experience comes ever so slightly before classification and judgement, but with sight the two are basically simultaneous.

Without peripheral vision we would be disoriented and vulnerable. We wouldn't have a system for prioritizing information about the world and would have to stumble upon all of our findings. We would have to focus on items one at a time in our field-of-view to understand our environment (visually at least) and we would have no way of contextualizing our perspective. Peripheral vision frames our view, while peripheral thoughts allow the associations that give meaning to our world. We need to enable the

saccadic movements of the mind, to keep tabs on the cognitive environment and incoming ideas in order to initiate a shift in our vision to bring a distant thought front and center. Anchoring the gaze of our thoughts might look like indulging in that one thing (an external, physical task perchance?) that doesn't require too much novel processing and in its stability we are more likely to notice the rustling of something more exceptional in the background waiting to be welcomed into our attention.

Instead of prioritizing the conceivable thought, we could allow for rhizomatic thinking. Potential distraction might be the missing piece. This way of working could be indicative of ADHD, or it could be the result of an attention-averse economy we are invested in. We might just need to be cooking a meal, running on the treadmill, doing data-entry or any other respectable, defensible, activity to quantify our time and mind enough to let our guard down and let the real outside-of-the-box thoughts seep in. Either way, studying and analysing thoughts on the periphery rob them of their ethereal translucency. Militant focus means we might miss something and multiprocessing just makes life that much sweeter, like listening to music while cooking; we're focusing back and forth based on what's most compelling. We don't need to maximize the brain, we need to wonder (and wander) towards a different way of seeing. In the grey area I can manipulate the known, literal, past with the yet-to-be-defined, and be surprised.

Where *do* ideas even come from anyways?

Works Cited:

Graziano, S.A. Michael Rethinking Consciousness: A Scientific Theory of Subjective Experience. W. W. Norton Company, 2019.

A. David Milner and Melvyn A. Goodale The Visual Brain in Action. Oxford Psychology Series, 2006.

Roger P.G. van Gompel, et al. Eye Movements A Window on Mind and Brian. Elsevier, 2007.

Hausegger, Thomas, et al. “Peripheral Vision in Martial Arts Experts: The Cost-Dependent Anchoring of Gaze.” *Journal of Sport & Exercise Psychology*, vol. 41, no. 3, June 2019, pp. 137–146. EBSCOhost, doi:10.1123/jsep.2018-0091.

Turnbull, Adam, et al. “Reductions in Task Positive Neural Systems Occur with the Passage of Time and Are Associated with Changes in Ongoing Thought.” *Scientific Reports*, vol. 10, no. 1, June 2020, pp. 1–10. EBSCOhost, doi:10.1038/s41598-020-66698-z.

Slouka, Mark. “Quitting the Paint Factory.” *Harper’s Magazine*, Nov. 2014, http://www.molvray.com/ebooks/Quitting_the_Paint_Factory_Mark_Slouka.html. Accessed 1 Nov. 2020.

The Art of Making Yang Chow Fried Rice by Caitlyn Gosh

[While at school in Hong Kong] At around 5, I went to the Gastronomy club and the Hospitality Building to attend the fried rice cooking class that the OAL organized for exchange students.

I wanted to attend the other classes but this was the only one that she could go to because the other classes were happening at the same time as Mandarin class. I had considered at one point asking her professor if I could skip one Mandarin class to go to the cooking class, but eventually decided against it since studying Mandarin was the main reason she came to Hong Kong and the classes don't happen often so that was more important.

At the Gastronomy Club, I sat down at the long table with the other students and waited for the time to start. I was happy to see that Laura was there from when they first met at the airport. After everyone gathered, the head chef came in and asked them to pair up. I asked to pair up with Mei, a Japanese girl from Taiwan. They gave instruction packages which showed them how to make the rice and talked about the history of the dish.

First they began by telling us about the history of *Yang Chow Fried Rice*, how it is a very widespread dish from China and is becoming a popular fast food. It is an old Dish as it existed as early as 4000 BC originating from the city of Yang Chow in the Eastern province of Ginsu. Their original recipe consisted of steamed rice, roasted pork, shrimp, young scallion, peas, and

eggs but now there are many variations to it. Sometimes, it's made with ham, sweet corn, and Chinese broccoli.

Then they took the group into the Gastronomy Club kitchen. It was like a real, professional kitchen, which I thought was amazing. They had all the food laid out in the right portions: the shrimp in small cups, the rice divided neatly into bowls, everything. They told us the correct amount of each ingredient to take and demonstrated each skill used to make the fried rice.



The Chef at Work

The Chef showed them how to stir the rice in the wok properly by pushing it around on the bottom and flipping it over with the pan. Mei took a video of this part of our class.

Then it was their turn. They each took their ingredients and Caitlyn asked Mei what she would like to do. They divided up the chopping where they each cut a different item. Then, I boiled the vegetables and shrimp while Mei heated up the pan. Then we took turns stirring the fried rice in the pan (my turn might have been a little extra long). I was anxious about how it would turned out or if it was cooked enough and kept pulling the chef over to ask to check. We finished the rice in time but some students burnt theirs. I felt bad that I may have made a mistake – I think that the meat was cooked for too long. But it was okay because in the end, we still had delicious rice.



Mei, the Chef and Caitlyn

She's Lost Her Head by Sarah Haxby



[**Vancouver**] It's only bad guys that would decapitate a helpless damsel – right? No one would ever suspect that John Everett Millais (1829-1896), an artist well known for his association with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and for his hundreds of paintings portraying romantic and allegorical imagery would do such a thing?

And yet Millais literally cut out and removed the original head from the damsel in distress in the oil painting *The Knight Errant* (1870). The damsel in *The Knight Errant* is the only surviving, completed nude by Millais that we know of; it is not known how many other nudes he may have painted over.

The fact that the image does not contain the damsel's original face is not widely known. There was an issue with the original face, but

Millais didn't just paint over it, as was the common practice of the time; instead he carefully cut the original head from the painting, sewed in fresh canvas and then meticulously sewed the first face into a different canvas.



The Knight Errant, an image that is still reproduced prolifically today, is an archetypal portrayal of the ideal of chivalry in which a knight rescues a damsel in distress.

The image portrays a knight errant cutting the ropes binding a naked damsel to a large tree. It is twilight, and probably fall or winter as a crescent moon can be seen hanging low in the sky through the leafless branches of the trees. An article of the damsel's clothing lies on the ground. The damsel looks

away from the audience and from her rescuer. The knight looks upwards, and appears sympathetically resolute as he performs his noble deed.



A knight errant was a roving knight from medieval chivalric romance literature who typically wandered the land in search of adventures to prove himself and to earn glory for its own sake, rather than for monetary reward. The reason behind the creation of the chivalric knight errant has socio-political history that has washed away over time even as the stereotypical character has endured.

One task popular with these knights was rescuing damsels in distress. The traditional damsel in distress is a classic theme in world literature, art, and film of a maiden – usually a beautiful young woman – placed in a dire predicament by a villain or villains who have either abducted her and taken her to a tower or a cave, or the villains have left her somewhere in a perilous, vulnerable state, usually naked and about to confront a monster as a sacrificial offering, or just abandoned and naked chained or tethered to a rock or tree. The helplessness of the damsel in distress has made the stereotype the target of mockery and feminist criticism. The damsel in distress archetype was created partly to give the knight errant an honourable task to perform, and became popular partially as another way for artists to portray the naked female form without (too much) criticism.

So, what was wrong with the first depiction of Millais' damsel? Why did he have to remove her head and repaint the damsel's face in *The Knight Errant*? According to Millais' son, J.G. Millais, it was "because the work did not sell, the artist later thought the woman would appeal more if turning away from the knight."

It appears John Everett Millais was correct, for after he repainted the damsel the painting sold, and continues to sell and sell and sell.

But who was the original damsel? Was Millais in love with her, or just drawn to her beauty? In the original painting the damsel's face was tilted towards her rescuer, her eyes visible, not looking directly at the audience,

but perhaps gazing towards her rescuer. We can understand that Millais changed the composition in order to accomplish the sale of the work, but why did he love the face of the damsel so much that he cut it out and re-used it in another image, in which he attempted a second nude painting? Millais did not paint nudes, and the woman in *The Knight Errant* is the only known Millais female nude.

The reason for his re-use of the damsel's face is a matter of speculation. Even though Millais kept meticulous notes about his paintings he did not record the name of woman who posed for him. It is known she was real. Millais' records state that live models were used to create the painting. The damsel and the knight in the image were both painted from live models. The background was painted at Wortley Chase:

“Millais originally painted the distressed lady, who had been robbed, stripped, and bound by thieves, as looking at the spectator, and I remember well this position of the head in the picture as it hung in the drawing-room walls at Cromwell Place; but after a while he came to the conclusion that the beautiful creature would look more modest if her head were turned away, so he took the canvas down and repainted it as we see it now.” (J.G. Millais)

The original *The Knight Errant* was described as shocking to the ‘Pharisaic spirit of the Age’ and so no one dared to purchase the image until after its alteration. Millais' son states that a dealer purchased *The Knight Errant* after its alteration and then after that, in 1874, Mr. Tate purchased the painting to

give it to the Nation. Thereafter the painting, which was formerly considered un-saleable, “at once gained the favour of the public.”

Even if Millais liked the original face he painted enough to place it in a new canvas, he must have felt that the image of the nude damsel with the strong gaze to the right could not sell in that second painting either. Millais changed her. He repainted her eyes so that they were lowered, and then he added clothes (although there are hints of her naked bosom beneath the sheer fabric in spots, as though he didn’t want to completely cover her nudity), and the biggest change was to turn her from being a damsel into that of a martyr.



Millais created a new composition for the young woman with her hands pulled behind her back: the composition now depicted her chained to a rock. She was turned into *The Martyr of the Solway Firth* (c.1870-1872).

There must be some irony to be found in the fact that this poor damsel in distress was taken from her original situation of being rescued from being tied by a rope to a tree to that of being chained to a rock with no hope of rescue; for the story of *The Martyr of Solway Firth* is a story that does not have a happy ending.

Solway Firth is a large and relatively unspoilt estuary situated on the border between England and Scotland on the West coast of Great Britain. As a young Scottish Covenanter, age approximately eighteen years old, Margaret Wilson was executed by drowning for refusing to swear an oath declaring the King of England as head of the church. She was bound to the rocks of the Solway estuary and drowned when the tide rose.

“It is said that as the tide rose she defiantly quoted and sang from Scripture, and witnesses described how her hair floated around her head like a halo in the clear water.” (anonymous)

Margaret Wilson died on May 11, in either 1684 or 1685. She died alongside her friend, Margaret McLaughlan. McLaughlan, the spelling of whose surname is the subject of debate, did not make it into the stories nor the painting, presumably because she was not young, pretty or virginal enough to be considered a damsel in distress by Victorian standards. Margaret

McLaughlan was described as “older,” and was not declared a martyr. The two Margarets are thought to be buried in the same churchyard in Wigton. Margaret Wilson became known as *The Martyr of Solway Firth*.

The Martyr of Solway Firth, was the subject of an illustration by Millais for the magazine *Once A Week* in 1862. The subject was one he revisited when he painted *The Martyr of Solway Firth* in 1871, both images created almost two centuries after the historic events occurred.



The painting of *The Martyr of Solway Firth* shows a young woman wearing a lightly patterned, unbuttoned, feminine blouse that is rather translucent in certain areas. We know the painting began as a nude because recently conservators at the Liverpool Museum, which now owns the painting, x-

rayed the piece and found that the damsel in distress had originally been the nude originally found in *The Knight Errant*.

I speculate that once again Millais had been stumped by his damsel in distress. He wanted to portray this particular young woman nude, yet found, once again, he could not; and so he once again altered the damsel in distress to make a sale by adding the clothing and the title to provide an acceptable context to the image as afterthoughts rather than painting the picture as a direct inspiration from the story.

Was the decapitation from the original painting necessary? In order to visualize what the original Knight Errant's damsel in distress might have looked like, I've replaced the original head back into the image.

Where are the villains in *The Martyr of Solway Firth*? It is hard to see the villains that surround the damsel in distress as they're usually left out of the picture frame, literally and metaphorically.

The villains in the stories associated with damsels in distress are often not portrayed as the focus is usually on depicting the nude female in her state of vulnerable, sexually available distress. In the strange case of *The Knight Errant*, we are not even sure who the story villains were.

The Knight Errant is unusual from Millais' oeuvre as it is an image that does not direct the viewer to a specific narrative, myth or story that the picture is illustrating. Millais' son describes her as a damsel who had been robbed,

stripped, and bound by thieves, but what specific story or poem or song this image derives from has been lost.

It is sometimes hypothesized that the work draws upon the mythology of Andromeda, but as the image lacks any apparent visual tie-in to the story of Andromeda (who was tied to a sea-side rock and rescued by Perseus), I feel that it is erroneous to ascribe the Andromeda story to *The Knight Errant*. As all of Millais' other mythological images draw upon clear sources, I think there likely is a specific story behind *The Knight Errant* that is being depicted, but the narrative connection has been lost to us.



As with many of the depictions of the damsel in distress, the true villain is not in the picture. The finger of blame as to who the greatest villains are can be pointed in many directions including at the mythic monsters, the absent villains who stripped the young women and then tied or chained up the damsels, the religious zealots and those who chained up the sacrifices, the kidnappers and dragons who carried the damsels away, the artists who painted the images, the patrons who purchase the images and perpetuated the market for more damsel imagery to be produced, and of course, the audiences who have eagerly flocked, for centuries and who, even in modern times, continue to look time and time again upon the damsels in distress.

The fascination of the damsel in distress continues to fascinate and enslave our attention. Of course, as in the case of Millais' decapitated damsel, we prefer that she looks the other way, the better for us to view her without her looking back at us. In the viewing of such works I am unapologetic of the guilty pleasure that occurs, even in academic consideration of these works, even if it might make villains out of us all.

The Perfectly Scandalous Picnic by W. J. Garry,

A picnic can be a lot of things, from wonderful to pleasant to so-so to (trust me) disastrous, with many other possible adjectival stops along the way; but a picnic is not, as a rule, a source of scandal.

Except, of course, in Paris; and even there, only when art is in peril. And even then, as far as history informs us, it happened just once. That was in 1863, when Édouard Manet unveiled his *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* (a.k.a. the Picnic) before an unsuspecting public and gained the instant infamy that every artist secretly covets.

The painting was immediately and viciously denounced as immoral, disgusting, vile and offensive to all persons of taste. The painter was called a cad, a pornographer, a fool, a knave, a poor technician and an enemy of French culture. He was said to be a thoroughly bad fellow – a scurrilous rumor went about that he might have English blood.

Dejeuner sur l'Herbe was thunderingly rejected by the Salon, the arbiter of things aesthetic in those days, and it was thought that the creator should be burned at the stake, guillotined or, at the very least, hanged. It was, in short, a scandalous picnic indeed.

Manet, as we know, survived the scandal, and is today considered one of the greatest of French painters. He was not guillotined, or even hanged; and his *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* hangs in the Musée d'Orsay, where, for a mere few

Euros (plus airfare), you can take a gander at it and see what all the fuss is about. I did just that on a warm day some time back. I gave the painting my full myopic concentration, and tried to transport my imagination to the Paris of the Second Empire and see if any breath of scandal ruffled my thinning hair.

Well, it wasn't ruffled much. The technique Manet used was certainly revolutionary – I don't know what the French is for "I have a five-year-old kid who can draw better than that," but that is roughly what was said at the time. And the subject, a satire of mythographic painting, is clearly intended to shock: two fully dressed contemporary gents lounge at a picnic, chatting with a fully undressed woman who faces the viewer as if to say ... So?

But n that day in the Musée d'Orsay it was hard for me to see how – even in a city that loves scandal more than the National Enquirer does – either technique or subject could have caused more than raised critical brows, or the faint brush of a maiden's cheek. Hardly scandalous.

Still, thinking that perhaps my imagination wasn't sufficiently engaged, I stared harder and longer ... and longer ... and longer ... and it came to me! The painting is scandalous, but not because of mockery or naked ladies. Manet should have been hanged, but not for being a bad man or a worse painter. The fault is more serious than that. He forgot the wine!

This is, after all, a picnic we're looking at. And there is a picnic cloth there, sure enough, with fruit of various kinds, and fresh bread, and what looks like

(this may be wishful thinking) a meat-pie of some sort. But there is no wine to be found – not a bottle, not a glass, not a drop.

When I noticed this, it became clear that the whole scandal in 1863, all the folderol about brushstrokes and breasts and so on, was a cover-up for what really scandalized *les Parisiens et Parisiennes*, and would have to this day: the absence of good *vin* at *le pique-nique*. And the fact that the painter was a native Parisien simply doubled the offense. Scandal resolved, case closed. Now Manet can go back to his infamy, and you don't have to go to the Musée d'Orsay after all.

I can't say that I recommend a visit there, anyway, unless you relish being trampled by a thousand or so German school-children rushing towards Whistler's Mother, or the nearest bathroom. There are better ways to spend time in Paris. You could, for example, put some bread, cheese, meat and fruit in a basket, and head for the Bois de Boulogne and a delightful, relaxing picnic, one worthy of an artist's eye.

Of course, you don't really have to go to Paris for that. You could simple ... head for the local park, or beach, or own backyard. Picnic may come from a French word, but it's an international pleasure, so, *when* the summer is upon us, go for it. Just don't forget to pack the wine, unless you want to cause a scandal. You might take along *your* clothes, too.

[excerpt from *Bon Appétit*, August, 1997]

The Water Babies by Emily Mathews

A Tale of Science and Religion and the coming of the Cocqigrues

[**Vancouver**] *The Water Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby* is a work of children's fiction written by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), a reverend and also a professor of modern history at Cambridge University during the Victorian period in England. By the time he wrote *The Water Babies* in 1862-63 (it was originally published as a serial in McMillan's Magazine before being published as a book in 1863), Kingsley was already a popular writer, well known for his children's stories and retellings of myths and legends.

This fairytale, as Kingsley himself describes it, was written approximately four years after Charles Darwin (1809-1882) came out with his groundbreaking work *On the Origins of the Species* in 1859 and approximately twelve years after the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held in London. These dates are crucial to remember within the context of the examination of *The Water Babies* because the fairytale reflects the pivotal theological differences at the time. With the publication of *The Origins of the Species* we see a dichotomy between religious belief and the new and modern world of science. The explanatory and exploratory views of science questioned and / or criticized the belief in God based on the fact that there is no evidence or proof of his existence. However, a religious man who strongly believed in scientific study, Kingsley endeavoured to validate the

unification of science and theology by stipulating the immortal *soul* makes the body; it is not the body that makes the soul.

As a result, though *The Water Babies* can also be seen as commentary of English education, discipline and morality during the Victorian Era, this essay will focus on the religious undertones of the text, emphasizing that, according to Kingsley, the soul is the extension of the body, therefore proving that religion was a necessary aspect of humanity and the modern world.

In the beginning of the novel, after Tom the chimneysweep has been turned into a water-baby, Kingsley muses to his audience the concept of the *Immortal Soul*. He quotes Wordsworth's poem *Ode: Imitations of Immortality*, to explain that 'your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes its shell':

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

This poem that Kingsley deems so important, explains the everlasting nature of the soul. It does not need the body, the body needs it. For Kingsley it is important the soul live on as a separate entity, animating the body, because it is then possible to have a spiritual notion of evolution. That is, one may

believe in the biological process of evolution and also believe in God and the *Immortal Soul* because birth is just a forgetting and reemergence of the soul that has originally come from God.

Kingsley furthers this discussion of a spiritualized evolution with this notion that God allows his creations to naturally evolve and thereby allowing scientific evolution providing that there is a soul that will inhabit the body – a creation of God. This is seen within the episode involving Mother Carey and Tom, in which Tom asks, ‘I heard, ma’am, that you were always making new beasts out of old ...’ to which she replies, ‘so people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, my little dear. I sit here and make them make themselves.’ This dialogue likens Mother Carey to a God-like entity who is clever enough to not lift a finger because she has created her creatures with the ability to re-make and evolve on their own.

Kingsley had turned the biological process of evolution into a spiritual one by creating a fantastical analogy that emphasizes the cleverness of a God who is able to create creatures that naturally evolve. We also see the same type of analogy at the beginning of the fairytale when Tom falls into the water and drowns. However, instead of drowning, Tom turns into a fantastical creature – a water-baby. In doing this Tom becomes clean, washing the soot off his body, thereby washing his soul clean. Furthermore, he is transported to the sea on a spiritual journey that eventually allows him to evolve from a water-baby to a man. These two examples illustrate that Kingsley made *The Water Babies* into an allegorical tale of the

spiritualization of science in his idea that spiritual ascension leads to physical evolution.

In addition to fantastical analogies, throughout the novel, Kingsley spends a great deal of time convincing his audience to believe in things that are not real, thereby convincing his audience that though you may not see the soul, it is there, and it is the soul which brings life to the body. On defending the existence of fairies, Kingsley states:

“The most wonderful and strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you; and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think: and yet you can’t see it.”

Kingsley is arguing that one cannot disprove the non-existence of the *Immortal Soul*. One cannot prove it does not exist because one cannot prove a universal negative. Kingsley emphasizes this on two other occasions: first he states at the beginning of the book that it is quite possible for water-babies to exist because, as he says;

“There are a great many things in the world which you have never heard of; and a great many more which nobody ever heard of; and a great many things, too, which nobody will ever hear of, at least until the coming of the Cocqigures, when men will be the measure of all things.”

He says further that;

“[one] must not talk about ‘ain’t’ and ‘can’t’ when you speak of this great wonderful world round you, of which the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner, and is ... only a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean.”

In this way, Kingsley is asking scientists to provide evidence that the intangible God or soul does not exist. Therefore, because they cannot, logic dictates that God or the *Immortal Soul* must exist.

Also, Kingsley’s satirical creation of poor Professor Pttmmlnsprts, a naturalist who refuses to admit to the possibility of water-babies, much like a naturalist might refuse to believe in the possibility of an Immortal Soul for fear of spoiling their theories, gently chides scientists (or non-believers) for not admitting the possibility of a higher power. [editor’s note: Pttmmlnsprts is a play-on-words, where the five vowels *aeiou* have been removed from the name Patternmillionspurts].

Kingsley then subjects Professor Pttmmlnsprts, as a result of his non-belief, to believing in such things that are worse than water-babies because ‘he was not content with things as they are, [so the old fairy] filled his head with things as they are not, to try if he would like them better.’ Through this analogical argument, Kingsley is stating that no one has a right to disprove the existence of souls and therefore one cannot disprove the idea that a soul is what makes a body alive.

Kingsley sought to prove that religion and God still played a role in the modern and scientific world by spiritualizing evolution, arguing that the body is useless with the soul. As seen with Mother Carey, God created man with the divine intention of having them evolve.

In addition, because a lack of scientific evidence implies that there must be *no* God, so too does this lack of evidence state that there is *no reason there can't be* a God or *Immortal Soul*. It is through these arguments that Kingsley validates the possibility of God and the Immortal Soul, furthering the assertion that mankind may evolve naturally, but it is because the spirit or the Immortal Soul that humanity exists.

As seen with the popularity of *The Water Babies*, it can be concluded that Charles Kingsley was successful in his attempt to bridge the gulf between science and theology by creating a spiritualized fairytale of evolution.

Poetry

These Unfulfilled Thoughts ... by Alyssa Yu

Forcefully my body
was dragged through
the dusted room.

My stitched rag frictioned
against the repelling floor ...
dead skin rapidly
drifted off my body.

Salted water leisurely
drained off of my pale expression,
my eyes reluctantly
stared at the ignoble man.

Gazing above, the clouded sky,
a slight of light radiated
on the surface of my skin,
drying the salted water.

Sitting on the turbid ground,
resting myself ...
hope ...
peace ...
home ...

family ...

friends...

these unfulfilled thoughts
revolved in my imagination.

Tears falling, drifting and evaporating.

The gun was propelled
into my aching hands.

I held it, sobbing.

How could I be holding this?

The black were shot vividly in sight.

Holding the gun,

hopelessly

placing my palm towards my eyes

The Book of Self Love by Salome

Positives ...

Meditation ...

Affirmation ...

I am living in a beautiful world,
manifesting with life force and energy

Am I important?

Am I part of the limitless
and vigorous universe?

The stars, the sun, the planets, the moon

The air, the water ...the Earth

The plants and animals

That nature within

I am in Harmony with all this ...

I smell

I see

I hear

I feel

Breath In and out

Smoothly

Safely

As I relax

And enjoy ... the book of self-love.

Poems by Aki Kurosawa

I Had a Pink Bike

When I was a little girl
I had a pink bike ...
the tires would spin and whirl.
I rode it everywhere I like –

I rode it very fast!
The boys would race me,
but almost always I'd be last
and I would watch them flee.

gaily laughing all the time at me ...
but I would just smile, thinking
how it must hurt to be a boy
bouncing on his bike ...

but a girl can whirl along on her's
and not mind it at all ...

Pumpkin the Cat

Pumpkin ... my chisana Neiko,
she use to wander across
the top of our fence.

Our chisai inu would bark, bark
bark at it – but my Pumpkin

she just ignored him. She knew
he had nothing important to say
to her as she went on her way.

The boy cats would try to
follow her across the fence –
but would get unnerved and topple off
and our dog would chase them away.
They would never come back again.

If you could not keep up with Pumpkin
... what use were you to her?

But Not Always!

At school we all wore
plain blue uniforms ...
every day, the same way –
but not always!

And underneath,
they were supposed to be all white,
but sometimes they were red,
or pink, or blue,
or yellow or black,
or no color at all ...

which was the best ...
don't you think?

If you had to sit every day,
The same way –
but not always!

They Make a Rasp of it!

You see, I have these dreams ...
of being held down
against my will ...
and being tickled, here and there
and everywhere ...

But when I tell my
boyfriends what I dream about

... they just don't understand.

They make a rasp of it,
and turn my dream
into a nightmare.

Boys don't understand girls
... they just don't want to.

I Waited There at the Gates of Her Heart ... by William Webster

Quietly and calmly,
I waited there
at the gates
of her heart ...
for a very long time.
For how long?
She did not care
to notice.
I watched as other men
came and went, happily.
As the nights grew cold,
and the seasons grew long too –
what else could I do?
but stand and go
sit quietly at another
gate ... and wait.

He Knew the Pleasures of my Heart by Annie Gavani

He knew the pleasures of my heart
 I watched him as he undressed,
Taking in the measure of all his parts
 last admiring that of him that made me happiest ...
During the day his was a master's air ...
 his portent of stoicism and stone
But at night here without a care,
 he well knew we were all alone
So I lay back and let myself be loved
 by him, buried within my softness, as if
With every caress and kisses he pushed
 me closer towards myself and into my abyss.
He lapped my loins and my thighs ...
 he ate me up like a ripe sweet pome.
With every one of his kisses, I sighed
 and resigned myself to his hungry lips.
Then I'd tell him to slow and pause ...
 to stop being such an eager boy!
My belly, my breasts, my lips call
 to share the measure of my joy.

A History Lesson by Anina Robb

I fell in love with my History teacher
when I was twelve
and parted my hair down the middle.
I never expected him to fall back.

My teacher directed—
no one can know, touch me here.
I bathed in the secret of being kissed
for the first time.

I looked sideways at my reflection,
how my stomach curved past my hip bones.
I parted my hair on the side.

In the bathroom stall, I'd unfold his notes
and read them slowly,
holding each word in my mouth.
Sometimes, I'd kiss my palm.

I knew something was true:
my teacher would never leave his wife —

and I hated my young body
for being full of so many holes.

In the mirror all I could see
were my teacher's freckled hands
touching my growing breasts,
and all I wanted was
for my body to become as small as a breath,
so no one could teach me again.

At Café Trieste at San Pablo by Catherine Simpson

I like gathering up these images
So I can tell you about them later:
The dark red walls, the low-hanging
Lamps, the marble-topped little
Tables and the chairs with spindly
Legs. There's a father in a plaid
Newsboy hat with his daughter hanging
From a contraption on his chest: she
Points her forefinger like Michelangelo's
Adam, with the same quiet wakening.
A man in a red cardigan and with a
White mustache glances over at me, and
Then I think of him in some kitchen later
Tonight, a gray-haired woman bustling
At the stove while he peeks in the fridge, and
He says, There was this red-haired girl
At Caffè Trieste today down on San Pablo,
A real tall lady, and all she did for hours
Was stare and stare at people.

Blossoms of Orange by Pamela Biery

Flat and tanned, the pelvis bones protrude,
a fragrant orange blossom could stand
using her navel for a vase
in the white heat of a summer sun.

But at eight and a half months, the stomach
is as taut as a Valencia Navel, round and firm.
Where once the blossom of an orange
might have stood, now a stem,
just a slight protrusion on a snug, round surface.

Orange rinds
with porous divots and layers of wrapping, unpeel easily
once so uniform and glowing, now cast aside
for the fruit revealed.

Yet, laying in the sun
the pelvis bones still protrude,
revealing an awkward space, neither full nor empty,
like a small concave bowl
of sweet marmalade.

For interesting Mathematics and Science Books ...



PYTHAGORAS PUBLISHING
Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy
Vancouver, BC Canada

Over one hundred and fifty titles available at Amazon

Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Art

The Minotaur Series: The Art of Anyuta Gusakova

Anyuta Gusakova was born and raised in the port city of Vladivostok in the Pacific frontier of the then Soviet Union. Since early childhood art became her land of freedom, imagination and beauty where she would escape from social restraints. At a young age she was influenced by the art of Pablo Picasso, in particular his Minotaurs.

At 14 she graduated from a four-year classical visual art school for gifted children. While obtaining her BFA in linguistics from a local university, Anyuta spent a few years doing internships with a Vladivostok porcelain factories where she learnt all the processes of ceramic manufacturing.

After earning an English Translator Diploma, Anyuta moved to Moscow and enrolled into the *Stroganov University of Art and Design* to focus on classical art forms with major in Sculpture. After graduating from art school she worked on numerous commissions including some peculiar ones like sculpting a model for a chocolate Labrador dog for Russian president Vladimir Putin. His post-graduation experiences gave her invaluable knowledge and upgraded her skill. It also taught her to seek out for her own artistic voice so she could create her own dreams.

While undertaking her Art & Design degree she married a classmate who is a classically trained sculptor and mothered a daughter. About a decade ago Anyuta immigrated to Canada to pursue her path as an independent

professional artist. Anyuta currently resides in Vancouver BC. She has been divorced for several years.

Artist Statement

“I create fantastical worlds inhabited with mythical creatures and toy-like characters. My fantasies are inspired by all the beautiful things in the world and also by magical stories. Then they take a shape of sculptures, paintings, drawings, ceramic and porcelain creations.

I have always been a dreamer. In my early childhood I discovered that my dreams were much more powerful if I gave them a material form, so I began putting pencil to paper. Then, I could share my dreams with others. My first audience were my fellow kindergarten girls, who lined up for a drawing of a princess. I also discovered that beauty of any sort made me happy. Beautiful flowers, animals, songs or even beautiful thoughts filled my heart with joy of existence. It was even better when I managed to create something myself which was pleasing to the eye. I felt that this way I was adding to the world's beauty. I devoted many years to studying art including classical and folk art in order to obtain knowledge and skills of creating harmonious things. First, I learnt how nature does it by creating representational imagery of a natural object. But then I wanted to go beyond that. I started stylizing my subject matter, mixing genres, materials, mediums, concepts, contexts and so on. After cooking it altogether in my artistic

kitchen, I came up with a style of art that is joyful, playful and colorful like a toy but deep and profound at the same time.”

Anyuta

Her artistic Philosophy

I am a dreamer

I have dreams of all sorts:

happy dreams and dark dreams.

dreams for children and dreams for adults,

2D dreams and 3D dreams.

They come to me when I sleep or day-dream.

My job is to materialize them in acrylic

or watercolor,

clay or stone, metal or paper –

whichever form they want to take.

I help the dreams to escape from their ethereal kingdom and fill our world
with their mysterious, irrational beauty.

Anyuta Gusakova, artist



Alabaster Minotaur



Ambling Minotaur



Black Bull



Bunny and Minotaur



Bunny Sitting with Minotaur



Concrete Minotaur



Bunny with Minotaur in the Rain



Captured Minotaur



Girl with Minotaur



Girl with Minotaur Skull



Minotaur and Bunny on a Beach



Minotaur and Bunny



Minotaur in Love



Neo Minotaur



Reclining Geometric Minotaur



Reclining Minotaur



Taming the Minotaur



Wounded Minotaur

Cosplayer Caity ...



Instagram: https://www.instagram.com/cosplayer_caity/



Cosplayer Caity by the Sea ...



Cosplayer Caity and the Sea Breeze



Cosplayer Caity ... and the colour white ...



Cosplayer Caity ... and the colour organge ...

Artwork by Ella Collett











Two Figuratives of his Wife by Yousef Karsh (1938)





My friend Aoi by Patrick Bruskiewich

[**Vancouver**] I first met Aoi (not her real name) three years ago at a summer English conversation gathering in Vancouver. The way we first met told me something about her. She noticed that everyone around me was drinking coffee except me. She liked tea and so that is why she sat next to me. I got her the same tea I was drinking, a variety known as Parisienne.

The moment she spoke it was evident she was well educated and was also well traveled. She liked the tea. ‘It was neither too sweet nor too bitter,’ she said. She spoke English well, without having much trouble pronouncing her r’s, much better than someone who has just studied English a few hours a week in high school. “I like watching films, not American films, but British ones.” She was twenty six at the time we first met and established in her professional career.

It took her a few minutes to admit what was clearly evident. Aoi was sad. She was hoping to find a new boyfriend and settle down. After three years her fiancé had told her a few weeks ago that he did not want to marry her. They had broken up, and quite badly. He was a middle manager for one of the big car companies. She worked in administration for one of the companies providing CNC machinery for the Japanese automobile manufacturers. Her company was in fact the largest of its kind in the world, a consortium with a large European CNC company, and as well known in industrial circles as any of the Japanese car manufacturers that used these CNC machines. By the way CNC means computer, numerical control.

Aoi had come to Vancouver to try to lift her spirits and to get on with her life.

The first time we met we spoke about our interests and she seemed to find something comforting in me. The second time we met she asked about my life and I told her a bit about me. I am somewhat older than she is and had been married and divorced. I told her I knew sadness first hand. For the remainder of her visit to Vancouver she wanted to meet up with me to walk and chat about life. This was her first visit to Vancouver and she enjoyed the city.

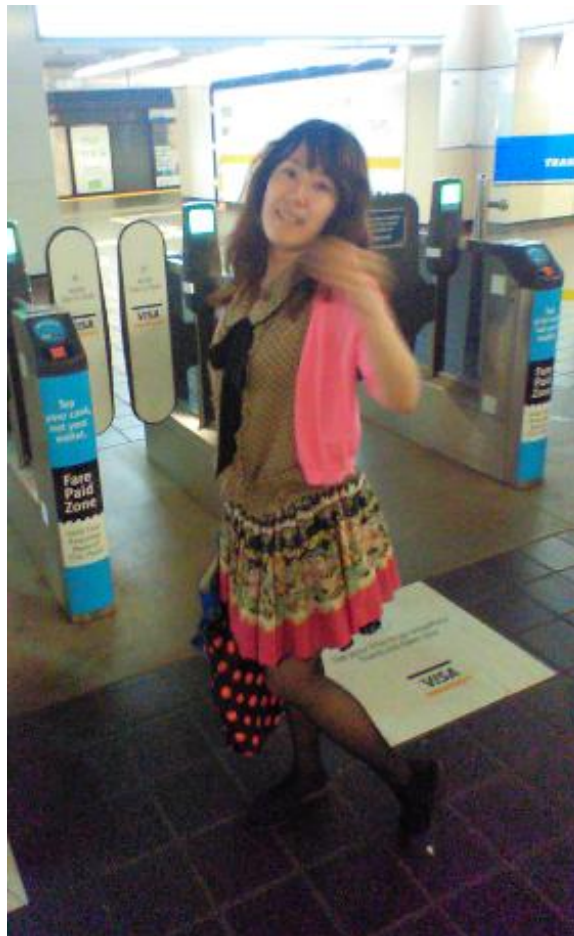
Over the last ten days of her two week visit Aoi and I met three times, she contacting me and asking me to meet up. I sensed she had set out on her trip to Vancouver to meet other men. I encouraged her to do so. She had the number of a few of the boys from the conversation gathering, but she told me all they wanted to do was “to kiss, cuddle and get into my panties.”

She was much more outspoken then most Japanese woman I had met in the past. Perhaps this is why I found her such an interesting person and befriended her.

When I better understood her sadness I told her the story that my grandmother had told me when I was sad about my then marriage – the story was about my grandmother’s three boyfriends, and how she chose my grandfather, a serious young man, over a man with several young children

who had lost his wife to ill health (probably overwork) and a playboy with a reputation as a rake (who died in a car crash a year later). She liked the idea of having several boyfriends.

Aoi had dressed up in color the last time we met up on her first visit and she was a great deal happier than when we had first met.



In fact as she bid me farewell she smiled and said ‘why stop at five?’



She asked me if I could be one of her five boyfriends? I smiled and nodded.



She blushed. Then and there I thought ... yes Aoi will be fine.

We kept in touch by email. I would get a message from her twice a month. I would wait a few days to answer her. Sometimes it is important not to appear too eager.

Inevitably I would ask her how her quest for boyfriends was going along? She would equivocate. Her professional life was so busy she said she was... 'too tired to go out.' After three months she finally went out on a date to a film and dinner with a man she had known since high school, but it was a disaster. He had a reputation as a playboy, and she was too timid and well they mixed, in her own worlds, 'like oil and water ...'

Things were not going well for her, so she decided that December to visit Vancouver again. I had become a sort of sage for her, which I found somewhat knotty because I was anything but sage when it comes to understanding women. My heart had been broken so many times it was held together by thin pieces of string. But I guess she wanted a male outlook to finding a wife. But hereto life had been a disaster for me.

It was hard to put into words how I felt about all this so I decided to take a page out of Picasso's book and paint her a painting with a message. I chose Lucky Kitty as the theme. When she returned to Vancouver I invited her to visit my Atelier, for afternoon tea, which she did with a friends.



The first version of *Lucky Kitty* painting was waiting for her on the easel.



I had painted three very aroused male cats and a new born kitten at her feet. The fact that *Lucky Kitty* was female was also clearly evident. I offered the *Lucky Kitty* painting to her ‘to take home and hang on her wall to encourage

her in her quest for boyfriends...' but she told me that she still lived at home with her parents and younger sister and such a message would 'cause a scandal and not be allowed' by her mother.' So it has sat turned to the wall in the Atelier for the past two years.

A few days later we went to a night time German Christmas fair which Aoi had heard about. We both had a wonderful time milling about the exhibits.



I could see she was happy to be back here in Vancouver over Christmas and to spend time with me.



But her happiness seemed fleeting.

Before Aoi left Vancouver she wanted me to come with her as she met up with an ‘old boyfriend’ together going for a walking visit to Lynn Canyon Park. Her ‘old boyfriend’ had brought along his latest main squeeze as he described her and it was a bit of a circus. He (let me call him Bob) had not told his main squeeze (I think her name was Maria, a warm hearted and photogenic Mexican girl) what they would be doing that afternoon and so she had dressed fashionably but not warm enough for the occasion. He was wearing a warm winter coat which he did not share with Maria. Maria had a

dress on with short sleeves. While the sun was out she was brave but as the afternoon sun started to disappear she started to shiver.

I offered the poor, shivering Maria my jacket, which she gladly wore. I had made a friend for life. The dynamics were very interesting as we waited for the bus home on Lynn Valley road. Something was indeed going on there between the Bob, Maria and Aoi. I was in the center of a triangle ... *une mélange a trios* (pas ménage!)

I was interested to see how this would play out so I invited them to dinner in a fancy Italian restaurant at the bottom of Lonsdale not too far from the Sea Bus Station.

It was an strange dinner to say the least. Bob sat opposite Aoi and I sat opposite to Maria. Maria and I talked films all dinner. Bob and Aoi talked about relationships. When Aoi started to get heated over something I softly placed my hand on her back and she pushed me away with her hand.

Aha ... I thought ... something had happened between Bob and Aoi the first time she was in Vancouver. I did not ask her what this was. And honestly I did not want to ask. But still I wanted to know ...

On a small piece of paper I wrote out some films I recommended for Maria, films like *Charade* with Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant, and the Science Fiction film *Fifth Element*, and I said loudly I would add my email to the bottom of the paper if she thought of any films she might recommend to me

to watch. Maria blushed and grabbed the paper and stuffed it in the front of her bra. That got Maria an immediate look of scorn from both Aoi and Bob. After dinner Bob had still not offered Maria her coat and instead walked to the Sea Bus with Aoi.

Poor old Maria ... I never heard from her again, but that's understandable. She probably wanted to get as far away from Bob and his entourage as possible. And besides she could talk film with almost anyone. I would have enjoyed meeting up with Maria simply because my artistic eye admired beauty and she would have made *une odalisque fantastique*!

To be able to take a trip to Vancouver Aoi had made arrangements for her company to let her come to take an English language course. The next time we met up it was in a convenient place for her to sit and work on her English homework. We met in the food court at Pacific Center, a rather noisy and bustling place, given that it was the Christmas season.

But Aoi needed to be in a public place for the small drama that was about to be played out. Quite out of the blue she asked me 'why men were so promiscuous?' I could not help laughing.

"It is in our nature," I said. "It is hard for men to be monogamous."

There was an awkward silence which I broke. "Did you study biology in high school?"

“Of course, we all have to.”

I smiled. “I didn’t take biology in high school.”

“Oh.” She smirked.

“I am still pretty naïve when it comes to the birds and the bees.”

“Birds and Bees?”

“I am pretty naïve when it comes to sex ...” I whispered this to her and she gave me an impish grin.

“I am probably not the person to ask about promiscuity. I am Catholic and appreciate the difference between love and lust ...

She went silent. Perhaps she was expecting a different answer from me? I wondered if she was asking me to share a bed with her? Obviously my answer left her at a disadvantage. So she took a different tact with me. “In Nepal the women can have many husbands.”

“I didn’t know that.” I decided to tease Aoi and see where this would take us. “The women in Nepal must be very happy with their lives!” She talked awhile about how it would be nice if this were allowed in Japan.

After a few minutes I decided to tell Aoi the story of Anais Nin and her many trysts. She had never heard about Anais Nin, so I decided to also tell Aoi about Anais Nin's two husbands, one on the East coast of the US and the other on the West Coast. 'So you see, not only men are promiscuous ...' I said to her, 'but it takes a special type of women to have several husbands.'

Boldly Aoi stated "it is one thing to have many boyfriends ... but I want several husbands!" And she was serious! From that moment onwards I would inquire of her how her search for ... her husbandswas coming along."

After her visit to Vancouver she went on a business trip to Europe to confer with her European Consortium members. When she returned home to Tokyo she was reassigned ... exiled as she described it to me ... from Tokyo to Nagoya for a few months.

At the start of her 'exile' as she described it she was sad, but I told her that now that she was living in an apartment by herself she could go out more often and come in much later and perhaps find her husbands.

When she returned to Tokyo she took up her own apartment and went out several times a week with prospective husbands.

Recently I received wonderful news. She had found a husband. I was very happy for Aoi. But I wondered if she would truly settle down?

For certain I knew it was time to repaint *Lucky Kitty*. I would eventually do three versions. The first is one of traditional monogamy (here on the easel)



I had painted out two of the three amorous cats, as well as the background. You may have noticed Mount Fuji is now gone. But this was too allegorical don't you think. So I let this canvas sit for awhile.

Then I thought what would the painting look like if there was only her with a horizontal background?



But something is still missing, don't you think?

This past week I painted its final presentation.

I borrowed a theme from a Renaissance painting by Botticelli.

Everything is in balance now don't you think? And the message is clear...



Maybe Aoi will now hang *Lucky Kitty* on her wall?

Magazines by Obelisk Press

Le Minotaur

Pen & Pencil Magazine

Poetic Voice Magazine

Art & Eros Magazine

Dada Magazine

L'Espionage

Genius Magazine

Le Suralisme

Affiliated Publishing Houses

Obelisk Press

Atelier Press

Pythagoras Publishing

Over 300 titles to choose from

